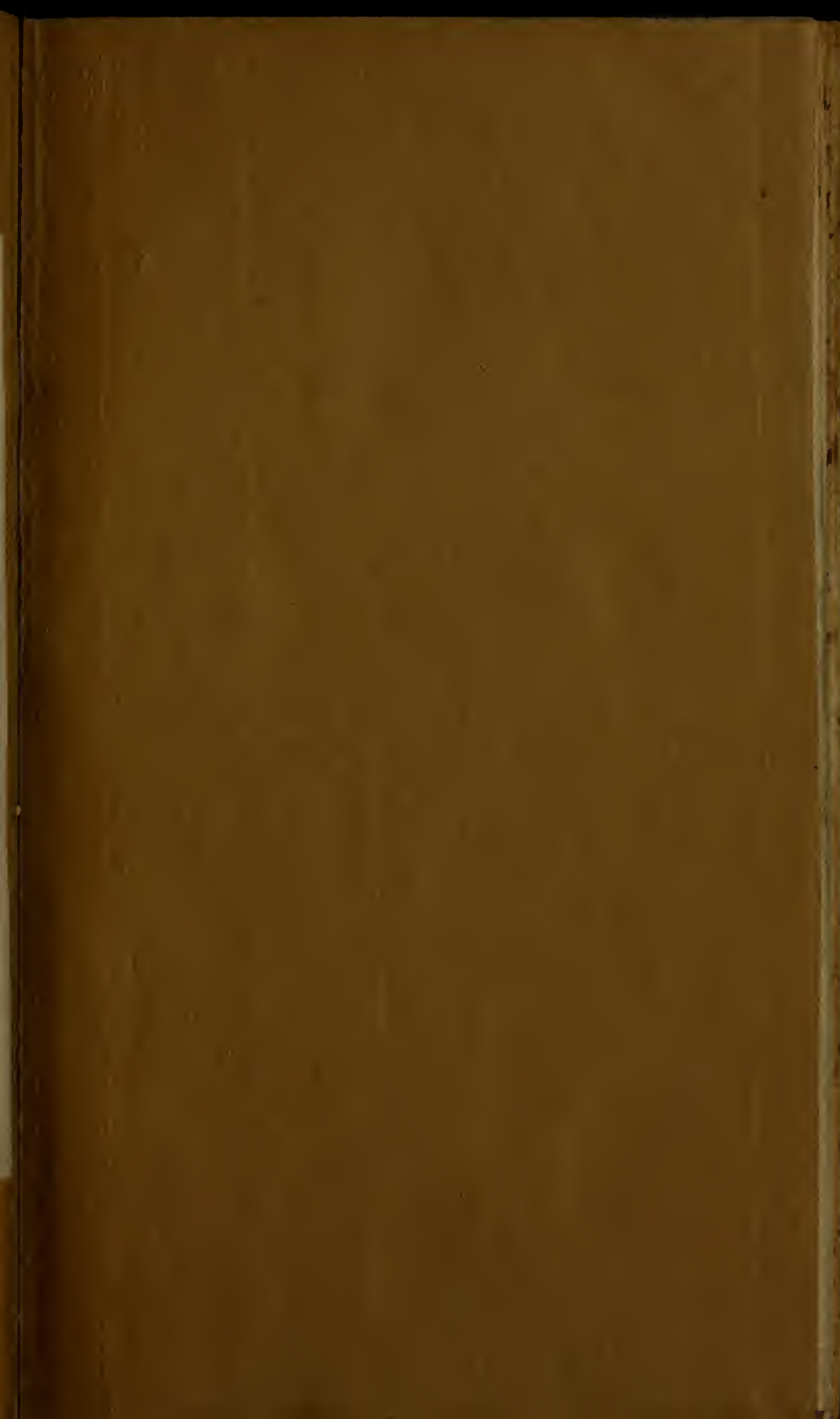


No 9 176.74 Barton Safe



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G. 17-74



H A M L E T,

Prince of DENMARK.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is now Acted by his
MAJESTY'S Servants.

xx
G. 176. 74

Written by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

LONDON;

Printed by J. DAREY for M. WELLINGTON
at the King's Head, over against St. Cle-
ment's Church, in the Strand. 1718.

(Price One Shilling.)

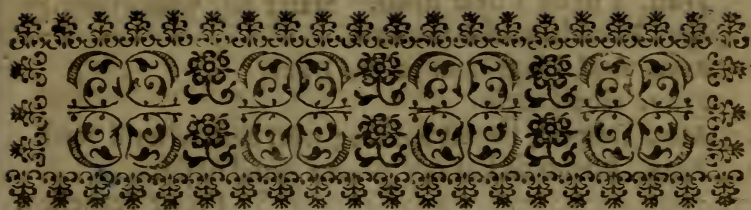
Dramatis Personæ.

Claudius, <i>King of Denmark.</i>	Mr. Bickerstaff.
Fortinbras, <i>King of Norway.</i>	
Hamlet, <i>Son to the former King.</i>	Mr. Wilkes.
Polonius, <i>Lord Chamberlain.</i>	Mr. Crofs.
Horatio, <i>Friend to Hamlet.</i>	Mr. Mills.
Laertes, <i>Son to Polonius.</i>	Mr. Ryan.
Rosencraus, } <i>Courtiers.</i>	Mr. Wilkes Jun.
Guildenstern, }	Mr. Quin.
Voltimeand.	
Cornelius.	
Ostrick, <i>a Fop.</i>	Mr. Bowen.
Marcellus, <i>an Officer.</i>	Mr. Shepherd.
Bernardo, } <i>Two Centinels.</i>	
Francisco, }	
Reynaldo, <i>Servant to Polonius.</i>	
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.	Mr. Booth.
Lucianus.	Mr. Norris.
Two Grave-diggers.	{ Mr. Johnson.
	{ Mr. Leigh.
Gertrude, <i>Queen of Denmark, and</i>	{ Mrs. Porter.
<i>Mother to Hamlet.</i>	
Ophelia, <i>Daughter to Polonius, in</i>	{ Mrs. Santlow.
<i>love with Hamlet.</i>	
Ladies attending on the Queen.	

SCENE ELSEWHERE.

This Play being too long to be acted upon the Stage,
such Lines as are left out in the Acting, are marked
thus. :

Knapp
May 12, 1927
V



H A M L E T,

Prince of DENMARK.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *An open Place before the Palace.*

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

B E R N A R D O.

H O's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: Stand and unfold your self.

Ber. Long live the King.

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck Twelve, get thee to bed, *Francisco.*

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make haste.

6 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand ho, who's there?

Hor. Friends to this Ground.

Mar. And Liege-men to the Dane.

Fran. Good night.

Mar. Farewel, honest Soldier; who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: good night.

[*Exit Francisco.*]

Mar. Holla, *Bernardo*.

Ber. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*, welcome, good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says, 'tis but a Phantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching the dreadful sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the Minutes of this Night,
That if again this Apparition come,
He may approve our Eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. 'Twill not appear.

Ber. 'Sit down a while,
And' let us once again assail your Ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two Nights seen.

Hor. Well, 'sit we down,
And' let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same Star, that's Westward from the Pole,
Had made his Course t' enlighten that part of Heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,
The Bell then beating one——

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off;
Look where it comes again.

Ber. In the same Figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. 'Thou art a Scholar,' speak to it, *Horatio*.

Ber. 'Looks it not like the King? Mark it, *Horatio*.'

Hor. Most like: it startles me with Fear and Wonder.

Ber.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 7

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike Form,
In which the Majesty of buried *Denmark*
Did sometimes march? I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak, speak: I charge thee speak. [*Ex. Ghost*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale;
Is not this something more than Phantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. I could not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own Eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self;
Such was the very Armour he had on;
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
' So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
' He smote the fisted Pole-Ax on the Ice:
' 'Tis strange——

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at the same hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But in the scope of mine Opinion,
This bodes some strange Eruption to our State.

Mar. Pray tell me, he that knows
Why this same strict and most observant Watch
So nightly toils the Subject of the Land:

' And why such daily cost of brazen Cannon,
' And foreign Mart for Implements of War;
' Why such Impress of Shipwrights, whose sore Task
' Does not divide the Sunday from the Week;
' What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the Night joint Labourer with the Day:
' Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

' At least the Whisper goes so. Our last King,

Whose

8 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Whose Image ev'n but now appear'd to us,
 Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
 ' Thereto prickt on by a most emulate Pride,
 Dar'd to the Combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*
 ' (For so this Side of our known World esteem'd him)
 Did slay this *Fortinbras*; who by a seal'd Compact,
 Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,
 Did forfeit (with his Life) all these his Lands,
 ' Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
 ' Against the which a Moiety competent
 ' Was gaged by our King, which had return'd
 ' To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
 ' Had he been Vanquisher: As by the same Compact,
 ' And Carriage of the Articles design,
 ' His fell to *Hamlet*.' Now, Sir, young *Fortinbras*,
 ' Of unimproved Metal, hot and full,
 Hath in the Skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
 Shark'd up a List of lawless Resolutes,
 ' For Food and Diet, to some Enterprize
 ' That hath a Stomach in't; which is no other,
 ' As it doth well appear unto our State,
 ' But' to recover 'of us by strong Hand'
 ' And Terms compulsative,' those foresaid Lands
 So by his Father lost. And this, I take it,
 Is the main Motive of our Preparations,
 ' The Source of this our Watch, and the chief Head
 ' Of this Post-haste, and Romage in the Land.

Ber. I think it is no other, but even so;
 Well may it sort that this portentous Figure
 Comes armed thro our Watch so like the King
 That was, and is the Question of these Wars.

' *Hor.* A Mote it is to trouble the Mind's Eye.
 ' In the most high and flourishing State of *Rome*,
 ' A little e'er the mightiest *Julius* fell,
 ' The Grave stood tenantless, and the sheeted Dead
 ' Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* Streets,
 ' Stars shone with Trains of Fire, Dews of Blood fell,
 ' Disasters veil'd the Sun, and the moist Star,
 ' Upon whose Influence *Neptune's* Empire stands,
 ' Was sick almost to Doomsday with Eclipse;

' And

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 9

‘ And even the like Precurse of fierce Events,
‘ As Harbingers preceding still the Fates,
‘ And Prologue to the Omen coming on,
‘ Have Heav’n and Earth together demonstrated
‘ Unto our Climates and Countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold ! To where it comes again !
I’ll cross it, tho it blast me. Stay, Illusion !

[Spreading his Arms.

If thou hast any Sound, or use of Voice,
Speak to me. — If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me ; speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy Country’s Fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid, Oh speak ! —
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy Life
Extorted Treasure in the Womb of Earth,
For which, they say, your Spirits oft walk in Death,

[Cock crows.

Speak of it. Stay and speak — Stop it, *Marcellus.* —

Mar. Shall I strike it with my Partizan ?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. ’Tis here — *Hor.* ’Tis here —

Mar. ’Tis gone.

[Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majesticall,
To offer it the shew of Violence ;
It is ever, as the Air, invulnerable,
And our vain Blows malicious Mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak when the Cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard
The Cock, that is the Trumpet to the Morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throat
Awake the God of Day ; and at his Warning,
Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,
Th’ extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine. ‘ And of the Truth herein,
‘ This present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded at the Crowing of the Cock.

‘ Some say, that ever ’gainst that Season comes,
‘ Wherein our Saviour’s Birth is celebrated,

‘ This

10 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

‘ This Bird of Dawning singeth all night long :
‘ And then, they say, no Spirit dares stir abroad,
‘ The Nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
‘ No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm ;
‘ So hallow’d, and so gracious is that Time.

Hor. ‘ So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the Morn in russet Mantle clad,
Walks o’er the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill ;
Break we our Watch up, and by my Advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young *Hamlet* : Perhaps
This Spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

‘ Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
‘ As needful in our Loves, fitting our Duty ?

Mar. Let’s do’t, I pray, and I this Morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

*Enter King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Volti-
mand, Cornelius, Gentlemen and Guards.*

King. Tho yet of *Hamlet* our dear Brother’s Death
The Memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our Hearts in Grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of Woe ;
Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th’ Imperial Jointress to this warlike State,
Have we as ’twere with a defeated Joy,
‘ With one auspicious, and one dropping Eye,
‘ With Mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
‘ In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole,
Taken to Wife. Nor have we herein barr’d
Your better Wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this Affair along ; ‘ for all our thanks.
‘ Now follows, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
‘ Holding a weak Supposal of our Worth ;
‘ Or thinking by our late dear Brother’s Death,

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. II

Our State to be disjoint, and out of frame,
 Colleagu'd with this Dream of his Advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with Message,
 Importing the Surrender of those Lands
 Lost by his Father, with all Bonds of Law,
 To our most valiant Brother: So much for him.
 Now for our self, and for this time of Meeting:
 Thus much the Business is; We have here writ
 To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 Who impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his Nephew's Purpose, to suppress
 His further Gate herein, in that the Levies,
 The Lifts, and full Proportions are all made
 Out of his Subjects; and we now dispatch
 You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
 Ambassadors to *Norway*,

Giving to you no further personal Power
 Of Treaty with the King, more than the Scope
 Of these dilated Articles allow.
 Farewel, and let your Haste commend your Duty.
Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our Duty.
King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now, *Laertes*, what's the News with you?
 You told us of some Suit; what is't, *Laertes*?
 You cannot speak of Reason to the *Dane*,
 And lose your Voice: What would'st thou beg, *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my Offer, not thy asking?
 The Head is not more native to the Heart,
 The Hand more instrumental to the Mouth,
 Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy Father.
 What would'st thou have, *Laertes*?

Laer. My dear Lord,
 Your Leave and Favour to return to *France*;
 From whence, tho willingly, I came to *Denmark*,
 To shew my Duty in your Coronation:
 Yet now I must confess, that Duty done,
 My Thoughts and Wishes bend again towards *France*;
 And bow them to your gracious Leave and Favour.

King. Have you your Father's Leave? what says *Polo-*
nus? *Pol.*

12 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Pol. He hath, my Lord, by laboursome Petition,
Wrung from me my slow Leave; and at last
Upon his Will I seal'd my hard Consent:

'I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair Hour, *Laertes*, time be thine;
'And thy best Graces;' spend it at thy will:

But now, my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my Son——

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it, that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, cast thy nightly Colour off,
And let thine Eye look like a Friend on *Denmark*.

Do not for ever, with thy veiled Lids,

Seek for thy noble Father in the Dust;

Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,

Passing thro Nature to Eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam! Nay, it is; I know not Seems:

'Tis not alone this mourning Suit, good Mother,

'Nor customary Suits of solemn Black,

'Nor windy Suspiration of forc'd Breath,

'No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,

'Nor the dejected Haviour of the Visage,

Together with all Forms, Modes, Shapes of Grief,

That can denote me truly. These indeed Seem,

'For they are Actions that a Man might play;

But I have that within which passeth Shew,

These but the Trappings, and the Suits of Woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your Nature,

To give these mourning Duties to your Father: [*Hamlet*,

But you must know, your Father lost a Father,

That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound

In filial Obligation for some term

To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persevere

In obstinate Condolement, does express

An impious Stubbornness; 'tis unmanly Grief.

'It shews a Will most incorrect to Heav'n;

'A Heart unfortify'd, a Mind impatient,

'An

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 13

' An Understanding simple and unschool'd :
 ' For what we know must be, and is as common
 ' As any the most vulgar thing to Sense.
 ' Why should we, in our peevish Opposition,
 ' Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to Heav'n,
 ' A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
 ' To Reason most absurd, whose common Theme
 ' Is Death of Fathers, and who still hath cry'd
 ' From the first Corse, till he that died to-day,
 ' This must be so.' We pray you throw to Earth
 This unprevailing Woe, and think of us
 As of a Father; and let the World take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne :
 ' And with no less Nobility of Love,
 ' Than that which dearest Father bears his Son,
 ' Do I impart towards you: For your intent,
 ' In going back to school to *Wittenberg*,
 ' It is most retrograde to our Desire.
 ' And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 ' Here in the Cheer and Comfort of our Eye,
 Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin, and our Son.

Queen. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers, *Hamlet*;
 I pray thee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair Reply,
 Be as our self in *Denmark*. Madam, come,
 This gentle and unforc'd Accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my Heart; in grace whereof,
 No jocund Health that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
 ' And the King's Rouse, the Heav'n shall bruit again,
 ' Re-speaking earthly Thunder. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too too solid Flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve it self into a Dew;
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His Cannon 'gainst Self-Murder!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the Uses of this World.
 Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded Garden,

14 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

That grows to Seed; things rank and gross in Nature
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this,
 But two Months dead; nay not so much, not two——
 So excellent a King, 'that was to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr:' So loving to my Mother,
 That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n
 Visit her Face too roughly. 'Heaven and Earth!
 Must I remember?'——why she would hang on him,
 As if Increase of Appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; and yet within a Month?——
 Let me not think on't——Frailty, thy Name is Woman:
 A little Month!——' or e'er those Shoes were old,
 ' With which she follow'd my poor Father's Body,
 ' Like *Niobe*, all Tears——Why she, even she——
 ' O Heav'n! A Beast that wants Discourse of Reason,
 ' Would have mourn'd longer'-married with mine Uncle,
 My Father's Brother; but no more like my Father,
 Than I to *Hercules*. ' Within a Month!——
 ' E'er yet the Salt of most unrighteous Tears
 ' Had left the Flushing in her galled Eyes,
 ' She married. O most wicked Speed, to post
 ' With such dexterity to incestuous Sheets:
 ' It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
 ' But break my Heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well,

Horatio, or I forget my self.

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor Servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good Friend, I'll change that Name
 with you:

And what makes you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?

Marcellus!——

Mar. My good Lord!——

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even Sir.

But what, in faith, makes you from *Wittenberg*?

Hor. A truant Disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To be a witness of your own Report

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 15

Against your self. I know you are no Truant ;
But what is your Affair in *Elsinoor* ?

We'll teach you to drink deep e'er you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Father's Funeral.

Ham. I prithee do not mock me, Fellow-Student ;
I think it was to see my Mother's Wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio* ; the funeral bak'd Meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage-Tables :

Would I had met my dearest Foe in Heav'n,

E'er I had seen that Day, *Horatio*.

My Father——methinks I see my Father.

Hor. Where, my Lord ?

Ham. In my Mind's Eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once ; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a Man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ! Who ?——

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father !

Hor. Defer your Admiration for a while

With an attentive Ear, till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these Gentlemen,

This Wonder to you.

Ham. Pray let me hear.

Hor. Two Nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their Watch,
In the dead Waste, and middle of the Night,
Been thus encountred : A Figure like your Father,
And arm'd exactly *Cap-a-pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemn March
Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walk'd,
' By their oppress'd and fear-surprized Eyes,
Within my Rapier's length ; whilst they, be-still'd
Almost to jelly with their Fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful Secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch ;
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,

16 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. ' I knew your Father :

' These Hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My Lord, upon the Platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My Lord, I did,

But answer made it none ; yet once methought

It lifted up its Head, and did address

It self to Motion, like as it would speak :

But even then the Morning Cock crew loud ;

And at the Sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanish'd from our Sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true ;

And we did think it then our Duty

To let you know it.

Ham. Indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the Watch to-night ?

Both. We do, my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Both. From head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his Face ?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly ?

Hor. A Countenance more in Sorrow than in Anger.

Ham. Pale or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his Eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like ; staid it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grised ?

Hor.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 17

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his Life,
A Sable-silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-night, perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, my Lord, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Father's Person,
I'll speak to it, tho Hell it self should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this Sight,
Let it require your silence still:

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an Understanding, but no Tongue;
I will requite your Loves. So fare ye well;
Upon the Platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve;
I'll visit you.

All. Our Duty to your Honour. [*Exeunt.*]

Ham. Your Loves, as mine to you: Farewel:
My Father's Spirit in Arms! All is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the Night were come;
Till then sit still, my Soul: foul Deeds will rise,
Tho all the Earth o'erwhelm them from Mens Eyes. [*Exit.*]

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My Necessaries are imbark'd, farewell;
And Sister, as the Winds permit,
And Convoy is assistant; do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his Favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Blood,
A Violet in the Youth and Prime of Nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho sweet, not lasting,
The perfume of a minute.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For Nature crescent does not grow alone,
In Thews and Bulk; but as this Temple waxes,
The inward Service of the Mind and Soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no Soil nor Cautel doth besmerch
The Virtue of his Will: But you must fear
His Greatness weigh'd, his Will is not his own:

18 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

' For he himself is subject to his Birth ;
 He may not, as inferiour Persons do,
 Carve for himself ; for on his Choice depends
 The Safety and Health of this whole State.
 ' And therefore must his Choice be circumscrib'd
 ' Unto the voice and yielding of that Body,
 ' Whereof he is the Head. Then if he says he loves you,
 ' It fits your Wisdom so far to believe it,
 ' As he in his peculiar Act and Place
 ' May give his Saying deed : which is no further,
 ' Than the main Voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
 Then weigh what Loss your Honour may sustain,
 If with your credulous Ear you hear his Passion,
 ' Or lose your Heart ; or your chaste Treasure open
 ' To his unmaster'd Importunity.
 Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear Sister,
 ' And keep within the Rear of your Affection,
 ' Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
 The charest Maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her Beauty to the Moon :
 ' Virtue it self scapes not calumnious Strokes,
 ' The Canker galls the Infant of the Spring,
 ' Too oft before their Buttons be disclos'd ;
 ' And in the Morn and liquid Dew of Youth,
 ' Contagious Blastments are most imminent.
 ' Be wary then, best safety lies in fear ;
 ' Youth to it self rebels, tho none else near.

Oph. I shall th' effect of this good Lesson keep
 About my Heart : But good Brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious Pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to Heaven ;
 Whilst like a Libertine,
 Himself, the Primrose-path of Dalliance treads,
 ' And reaks not his own Reed.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

I stay too long ; but here my Father comes :

Enter Polonius.

' A double Blessing is a double Grace ;
 ' Occasion smiles upon a second Leave.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 197

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes* ! aboard, aboard for shame,
 ' The Wind sits in the shoulder of your Sail,
 ' And you are staid for there. My Blessing with you,
 ' And these few Précepts in thy Memory,
 ' See thou character : Give thy Thoughts no Tongue,
 ' Nor any unproportion'd Thought his Act :
 ' Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar ;
 ' The Friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd,
 ' Grapple them to thy Soul with Hoops of Steel :
 ' But do not dull thy Palm, with Entertainment
 ' Of each new-hatch'd, unbledg'd Comrade. Beware
 ' Of entrance to a Quarrel ; but being in,
 ' Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee.
 ' Give every Man thine Ear, but few thy Voice ;
 ' Take each Man's Censure, but reserve thy Judgment.
 ' Costly thy Habit as thy Purse can buy,
 ' But not express'd in Fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
 ' For the Apparel oft proclaims the Man,
 ' And they in *France*, of the best Rank and Station,
 ' Are most select and generous, chief in that.
 ' Neither a Borrower nor a Lender be ;
 ' For Loan oft loses both it self and Friend :
 ' And borrowing dulls the Edge of Husbandry.
 ' This above all, to thine own self be true ;
 ' And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
 ' Thou canst not then be false to any Man.
 ' Farewel, my Blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly I do take my leave, my Lord.

Pol. The time invites you, go, your Servants tend.

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
 What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my Memory lockt,
 And you your self shall keep the Key of it.

Laer. Farewel.

[*Exit Laer.*

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he has said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry, well bethought ;

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you ; and you your self
 Have of your Audience been most free and bounteous.

20 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

IF it be so, as so it seems to be,
And that in way of Caution, I must tell you;
You do not understand your self so clearly,
As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is between you? give me up the Truth.

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late made many Tenders
Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection! 'puh! you speak like a green Girl,
Unfisted in such perilous Circumstance.

Do you believe his Tenders, as he calls them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think your self a Baby,
That you have ta'en these Tenders for true Pay,
Which are not Sterling. Tender your self more dearly;
'Or not to crack the Wind of this poor Phrase,
'Roaming it thus,' you'll tender me a Fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with Love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his Speech, my,
With almost all the holy Vows of Heaven. (Lord,

Pol. Ay, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I do know
When the Blood burns, how prodigal the Soul
Lends the Tongue Vows: 'These Blazes, Daughter,
'Giving more Light than Heat, extinct in both,
'Even in their Promise, as it is a making,
'You must not take for Fire. From this time, Daughter,
'Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden Presence,
'Set your Entreatments at a higher rate,
'Than a Command to parley: For Lord Hamlet,
'Believe so much in him, that he is young,
'And with a larger tether may he walk,
'Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
'Do not believe his Vows; for they are Brokers,
'Not of that Dye, which their Investments shew;
'But mere Implorators of unholy Suits,
'Breathing like sanctify'd and pious Bonds,
'The better to beguile.' This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 21

As to give words, or talk with the Lord *Hamlet* :

Look to't, I charge you ; come your way.

Oph. I shall obey, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The Air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager Air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it has struck.

Hor. I heard it not : Then it draws near the Season,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of warlike Musick within.*]

What does this mean, my Lord ?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his
' Keeps wassel, and the swaggering Upspring reels ; [rowse,
And as he takes his Draughts of Rhenish down,
The Kettle-Drum and Trumpet thus proclaim
The Triumph of his Pledge.

Hor. Is it a Custom ?

Ham. Ah marry is't :

But to my mind, tho I am native-here,
And to the manner born, it is a Custom
More honour'd in the Breach than the Observance.

' This heavy-headed Revel, East and West,

' Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other Nations :

' They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish Phrase

' Soil our Addition : and indeed it takes

' From our Atchievements, tho perform'd at height,

' The Pith and Marrow of our Attribute.

' So oft it changes in particular Men,

' That for some vicious Mole of Nature in them,

' As in their Birth, wherein they are not guilty,

' (Since Nature cannot chuse his Origin)

' By their o'er-growth of some Complection,

' Oft breaking down the Pales and Forts of Reason :

' Or by some Habit that too much o'er-leuens

' The Form of plausible Manners, that these Men,

Carrying,

22 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

- ' Carrying, I say, the Stamp of one Defect,
- ' Being Nature's Livery, or Fortune's Star,
- ' His Vertues else be they as pure as Grace,
- ' As infinite as Man may undergo,
- ' Shall in the general Censure take Corruption
- ' From that particular Fault: The Dram of Ease
- ' Doth all the noble Substance of a Doubt-
- ' To his own Scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my Lord; where it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!
 Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd;
 Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blasts from Hell;
 Be thy Intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape,
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
 King, Father, Royal *Dane*; Oh! answer me,
 Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd Bones-heap'd in Death,
 Have burst their Cearments? why the Sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inter'd,
 Hath ope'd his ponderous and marble Jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
 That thou dead Corse again in compleat Steel,
 Revisit'st thus the Glimpses of the Moon,
 Making Night hideous? And we Fools of Nature,
 So horribly to shake our Disposition
 With Thoughts beyond the Reaches of our Souls:
 Say, Why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some Impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous Action
 It waves you to a remote Ground;
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

[*Holding Hamlet.*]

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 23

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I value not my Life;

And for my Soul, what can it do to that?

Being a thing immortal as it self.

It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Flood, my Lord,
Or to the dreadful Border of the Cliff,

' That bettels o'er his Base into the Sea,

And there assume some other horrible Form,

' Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason,

And draw you into Madness? ' Think of it,

' The very Place puts Toys of Desperation,

' Without more Motive, into every Brain,

' That looks so many Fathoms to the Sea,

' And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still,

Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My Fate cries out,

And makes each petty Artery in this Body

As hardy as the *Nemean* Lion's Nerve:

Still am I call'd; unhand me, Gentlemen.

By Heav'n I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me:

I say away: Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*]

Hor. He grows desperate with Imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmark.*

Hor. Heaven will discover it.

Mar. Nay let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no

Ghost. Mark me.

[*further.*]

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulph'rous and tormenting Flames

Must render up my self.

Ham.

24 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak ; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge what thou shalt hear.

Ham. What ?

Ghost. I am thy Father's Spirit,
Doom'd for a certain Term to walk the Night,
And for the Day confin'd to fast in Fires,
Till the foul Crimes done in my Days of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away : But that I am forbid
To tell the Secrets of my Prison-house,
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest Word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,
Make thy two Eyes like Stars start from their Spheres,
Thy knotted and combined Locks to part,
And each particular Hair to stand an end
Like Quills upon the fearful Porcupine ;
But this eternal Blazon must not be
To Ears of Flesh and Blood : list, list, O list,
If thou didst ever thy dear Father love.

Ham. O Heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural Murder.

Ham. Murder !

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift
As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,
May fly to my Revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
' And duller shouldst thou be than the fat Weed
' That roots it self in ease on *Lethe's* Wharf,
' Wouldst thou not stir in this.' Now *Hamlet* hear,
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my Garden
A Serpent stung me : so the whole Ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged Process of my Death
Rankly abused. But know, thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Father's Heart,
Now wears his Crown.

Ham. O my Prophetick Soul, my Uncle !

Ghost.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 25

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate Beast,
 ' With Witchcraft of his Wits, with trait'rous Gifts,
 ' O wicked Wits, and Gifts that have the Power
 ' So to seduce;' won to his shameful Lust
 The Will of my most seeming vertuous Queen.
 ' O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there
 ' From me, whose Love was of that Dignity,
 ' That it went hand in hand even with the Vow
 ' I made to her in Marriage? and to decline
 ' Upon a Wretch, whose natural Gifts were poor
 ' To those of mine : but Vertue, as it never will be mov'd,
 ' Tho Lewdness court it in a shape of Heaven ;
 ' So Vice, tho to a radiant Angel link'd,
 ' Will sort it self in a celestial Bed,
 ' And prey on Garbage.

But soft, methinks I scent the Morning Air,
 Brief let me be : Sleeping within my Garden,
 My Custom always of the Afternoon,
 Upon my secure Hour thy Uncle stole
 With Juice of cursed Hebona in a Vial,
 And in the Porches of my Ears did pour
 The leproous Distilment, whose Effects
 Hold such an Enmity with Blood of Man,
 That swift as Quicksilver it courses through
 The natural Gates and Alleys of the Body,
 And with a sudden Vigour it does possess
 ' And curd, like eager Droppings into Milk,
 The thin and wholesome Blood ; so did it mine,
 And a most instant Tetter bark'd about,
 Most Lazar like, with vile and loathsome Crust,
 All my smooth Body.

Thus was I sleeping, by a Brother's Hand,
 Of Life, of Crown, of Queen at once bereft,,
 Cut off even in the Blossoms of my Sin,
 ' Unnuzled, disappointed, un-aneald,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my Imperfections on my Head :
 ' O horrible, O horrible, most horrible !
 If thou hast Nature in thee, bear it not,
 Let not the Royal Bed of *Denmark* be

26 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

A Couch for Luxury and damn'd Incest.
 But howsoever thou pursu'st this Act,
 Taint not thy Mind, nor let thy Soul design
 Against thy Mother ought, leave her to Heaven,
 And to those Thorns that in her Bosom lodge,
 To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once,
 The Glowworm shews the Morning to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual Fire :
 Farewel, remember me.

Ham. ' O all you Host of Heaven! O Earth! what else?
 ' And shall I couple Hell? O fie! ' hold, hold my Heart,
 And you my Sinews grow not instant old,
 But bear me strongly up. Remember thee!
 Ay, thou poor Ghost, while Memory holds a Seat
 In this distracted Globe; remember thee!
 Yes, from the Table of my Memory,
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
 All Registers of Books, all Forms and Pressures past,
 That Youth and Observation copied there,
 And thy Commandment 'all alone shall live
 Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,
 ' Unmix'd with baser matter; yes, by Heaven.
 O most pernicious Woman!
 O Villain, Villain, smiling damn'd Villain!
 My Tables; meet it is I should set down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a Villain;
 At least I'm sure he may be so in *Denmark*. [*Writing.*
 So Uncle there you are: Now to my Word;
 It is farewell, remember me;
 I have sworn't.

Hor. within. My Lord, my Lord:

Mar. within. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. within. Heavens secure him!

Ham. So be it.

Hor. within. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy, come boy, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble Lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.

Ham.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 27

Ham. No, you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord.

Mar. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would Heart of Man once
But you'll be secer. [think it?—]

Both. As Death, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a Villain
Dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant Knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the
To tell us this. [Grave,

Ham. Why right, you are in the right ;
And so without more Circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part :
You as your Business and Desire shall point you ;
For every Man hath Business and Desire,
Such as it is ; and for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and windy Words, my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily ;
• Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick*, but there is, *Horatio* ;
And much offence too : touching this Vision here,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you ;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master't as you may : And now, good Friends,
As you are Friends, Scholars, and Soldiers,
Grant me one poor Request.

Hor. What is't my Lord ? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my Sword.

• *Mar.* We have sworn, my Lord, already.

• *Ham.* Indeed upon my Sword, indeed.

[*Ghost cries under the Stage.*

Ghost. Swear.

28 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. Ha, ha, Boy, say'st thou so? art thou there, old True-penny?

Come on, you hear this Fellow in the Celleridge,
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the Oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my Sword.

Ghost below. Swear.

Ham. Then we'll shift our ground;
Come hither, hither, Gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my Sword:
Swear by my Sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost below. Swear.

[so fast?

Ham. Well said, old Mole, can'st thou work i' th' Earth
A worthy Pioneer! once more remove, good Friends.

Hor. O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a Stranger give it welcome:
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, never, so help you Mercy,
(How strange or odd soe'er I bear my self,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet,
To put an antick Disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, never shall
With Arms encumbred thus, or Head thus shak'd,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase,
As well, well; we know, or we could, and if we would,
Or there be, or if they might,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)
That you know ought of me, this you must swear;
So Grace and Mercy at your most need help you.

Ghost. Swear.

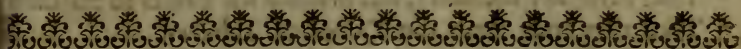
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,
With all my Love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a Man as *Hamlet* is
May do, t' express his Love and Friendship to you,
Shall never fail: let us go in together,
And still your Fingers on your Lips, I pray.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 29

The time is out of joint ; O cursed Spight,
That ever I was born to set it right !

Nay come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T II. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter Polonius, with his Man.

Pol. **G**IVE him this Mony, and these two Notes,
' *Rey.* I will; my Lord. [*Reynaldo.*]

' *Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visit him, to make Enquiry
Of his Behaviour.

' *Rey.* My Lord, I did intend it.

' *Pol.* Marry well said, very well said ; look you Sir,
Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris*,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What Company, at what Expence : and finding
By this encompassment and drift of Question,
That they do know my Son, come you more near,
Then your particular Demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his Father, and his Friends,
And in part him : Do you mark this, *Reynaldo* ?

' *Rey.* Ay very well, my Lord.

' *Pol.* And in part him, but you may say not well ;
But if it be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What Forgeries you please ; marry none so rank
As may dishonour him, take heed of that :
But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual Slips
As are Companions noted, and most known
To Youth and Liberty.

' *Rey.* As Gaming, my Lord.

' *Pol.* Ay or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing ; you may go so far.

' *Rey.* My Lord, that will dishonour him.

30 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark*

- ‘ *Pol.* Faith no, as you may season it in the Charge.
- ‘ You must not put another Scandal on him,
- ‘ That he is open to Incontinency,
- ‘ That’s not my meaning, but breathe his Faults so quaintly,
- ‘ That they may seem the Taints of Liberty,
- ‘ The Flash and Out-break of a fiery Mind,
- ‘ A Savageness in unreclaimed Blood
- ‘ Of general Assault.
- ‘ *Rey.* But, my good Lord——
- ‘ *Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?
- ‘ *Rey.* Ay, my Lord, I would know that.
- ‘ *Pol.* Marry, Sir, here’s my Drift,
- ‘ And I believe it is a Fetch of Wit.
- ‘ You laying these slight Sullies on my Son,
- ‘ As ’twere a thing a little soil’d with working,
- ‘ Mark you your Party in converse, he you would sound;
- ‘ Having ever seen in the prenominate Crimes
- ‘ The Youth you breathe of guilty, be assur’d
- ‘ He closes with you in this Consequence;
- ‘ Good Sir (or so) or Friend; or Gentleman,
- ‘ According to the Phrase, or the Addition
- ‘ Of Man and Country.
- ‘ *Rey.* Very good, my Lord.
- ‘ *Pol.* And then, Sir, does he this? he does; what was I
about to say?
- ‘ By the Mass I was about to say something,
- ‘ Where did I leave?
- ‘ *Rey.* At closes in the Consequence.
- ‘ *Pol.* At closes in the Consequence: Ay marry,
- ‘ He closes thus; I know the Gentleman,
- ‘ I saw him yesterday, or th’ other day,
- ‘ Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
- ‘ There was he gaming, there o’ertook in’s Rowse,
- ‘ There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
- ‘ I saw him enter such and such a House of Sale;
- ‘ *Videlicet*, a Brothel, or so forth. See you now,
- ‘ Your Bait of Falshood takes this Carp of Truth,
- ‘ And thus do we of Wisdom and of Reach,
- ‘ With Windlesses, and with Essays of Byasses,
- ‘ By Indirects find Directions out:

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 31

‘ So by my former Lecture and Advice
‘ Shall you my Son : you have me, have you not ?

‘ *Rey.* My Lord, I have.

‘ *Pol.* Good by t’ye, fare ye well.

‘ *Rey.* Good, my Lord.

‘ *Pol.* Observe his Inclination in your self.

‘ *Rey.* I shall, my Lord.

‘ *Pol.* And let him ply his Musick.

‘ *Rey.* Well, my Lord. [Exit Rey.]

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. ‘ Farewel.’ How now *Ophelia*, what’s the matter ?

Oph. O, my Lord, my Lord ! I have been so affrighted--

Pol. With what ?

Oph. My Lord, as I was reading in my Cloſet,
Prince Hamlet, ‘ with his Doublet,’ all unbrac’d,
‘ No Hat upon his Head, his Stockings loose,
‘ Ungartred, and down-gyved to his Ankle,
Pale as his Shirt, his Knees knocking each other,
And with a Look ſo piteous,
As if he had been ſent from Hell
To ſpeak of Horrors, he comes before me:

Pol. Mad for thy Love !

Oph. My Lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What ſaid he ?

Oph. He took me by the Wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his Arm,
And with his other Hand thus o’er his Brow
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my Face,
As he would draw it : long ſtaid he ſo ;
At laſt, a little ſhaking of my Arm,
And thrice his Head thus waving up and down,
He raiſed a Sigh ſo piteous and profound,
As it did ſeem to ſhatter all his Bulk,
And end his Being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his Head over his Shoulders turn’d,
He ſeem’d to find his way without his Eyes ;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And to the laſt bended their Light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go ſeek the King ;

This

32 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

This is the very Extasy of Love,

- Whose violent Property forgoes it self,
- And leads the Will to desperate Undertakings,
- As oft as any Passion under Heaven
- That does afflict our Natures. I am sorry ;
- What ! have you given him any hard words of late ?

Oph. No, my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd

His Access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad :

- I am sorry that with better Heed and Judgment
 - I had not quoted him ; I fear'd he did but trifle,
 - And meant to wrack thee : but beshrew my Jealousy.
 - It seems it is as proper to our Age
 - To cast beyond our selves in our Opinions,
 - As it is common for the younger sort
 - To lack Discretion.' Come, go with me to the King :
- This must be known, which being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter Love.
Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *The Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Rosencraus, and Guildenstern.

King. Welcome good *Rosencraus* and *Guildenstern* ;
Besides that we did long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
Of *Hamlet's* Transformation, ' so I call it,
' Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward Man
' Resembles that it was ;' what it should be,
More than his Father's Death, ' that thus hath put him
' So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
' That being of so young days brought up with him,
' And sith so neighbour'd to his Youth and Haviour,
That you vouchsafe your Rest here in our Court
Some little time, so by your Companies
To draw him on to Pleasures, and to 'gather
' So much as from Occasion you may' glean,

Whether

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 33

Whether ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That lies within our Remedy.

Queen. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you ;
And sure I am, two Men there are not living
To whom he more adheres : if it will please you
To shew us so much Gentleness and Good-will,
As to employ your time with us a while,
For the Supply and Profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receive such Thanks
As-fits a King's Remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might, by the Sovereign Power you have over us,
Put your dread Pleasures more into command
Than to intreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our selves in the full bent
To lay our Service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks *Rosencraus*, and gentle *Guildenstern*.

Queen. ' Thanks *Guildenstern*, and gentle *Rosencraus*,
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Son: go some of you,
And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heavens make our Presence and our Practices
Pleasant and helpful to him.

Queen. Amen.

[*Exeunt Ros. & Guil.*]

Enter Polonius.

' *Pol.* Th' Ambassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
' Are joyfully return'd.

' *King.* Thou still hast been the Father of good News.

' *Pol.* Have I, my Lord? I assure my good Liege
' I hold my Duty as I hold my Soul,

' Both to my God, and to my gracious King:

' And' I do think, or else this Brain of mine

Hunts not the Trail of Policy so sure
As it has us'd to do, that I have found

The very cause of *Hamlet's* Lunacy.

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

' *Pol.* Give first admittance to the Ambassadors :

' My News shall be the Fruit to that great Feast.

' *King.*

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‘ King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in. [Exit Pol.]

‘ He tells me, my dear *Gertrard*, he hath found
‘ The Head and Source of all your Son’s Distemper.

‘ *Queen*. I doubt it is no other but the main,

‘ His Father’s Death, and our hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius and Ambassadors. [Friends:]

‘ *King*. Well, we shall fist him: welcome my good

‘ Say *Voltimand*, what from our Brother *Norway*?

‘ *Vol*. Most fair Return of Greetings and Desire:

‘ Upon our first he sent out to suppress

‘ His Nephew’s Levies, which to him appear’d

‘ To be a Preparation against the *Pollack*,

‘ But better look’d into, he truly found

‘ It was against your Highness: whereat griev’d

‘ That so his Sickness, Age, and Impotence

‘ Was falsly borne in hand, sends out Arrests

‘ On *Fortinbras*, which he in brief obeys,

‘ Receives rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,

‘ Makes vow before his Uncle, never more

‘ To give th’ Assay of Arms against your Majesty:

‘ Whereon old *Norway* overcome with Joy,

‘ Gives him three thousand Crowns in annual Fee,

‘ And his Commission to employ those Soldiers,

‘ So levied as before against the *Pollack*,

‘ With an Intreaty herein further shown,

‘ That it might please you to give quiet pass

‘ Through your Dominions for this Enterprize,

‘ On such Regards of Safety and Allowance

‘ As herein are set down.

‘ *King*. It likes us well,

‘ And at our more consider’d time we’ll read,

‘ Answer and think upon this Business:

‘ Mean time we thank you for your well-took Labour,

‘ Go to your rest, at night we’ll feast together:

‘ Most welcome home.

[Exit Ambas.]

Pol. ‘ This Business is well ended.

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate

What Majesty should be, what Duty is,

Why Day is Day, Night Night, and Time is Time;

Were

Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time :
Therefore Brevity is the Soul of Wit,
And Tediouſness the Limbs and outward Flourishes.
I will be brief ; your noble Son is mad,
Mad call I it ; for to define true Madneſs,
What is't but .to be nothing elſe but mad ?
But let that go.

Queen. More Matter with leſs Art.

Pol. Madam, I ſwear I uſe no Art at all,
That he's mad, 'tis true ; 'tis true, 'tis pity ;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true : a fooliſh Figure,
But farewel it, for I will uſe no Art.
Mad let us grant him then ; and now remains
That we find out the Cauſe of this Effect,
Or rather ſay the Cauſe of this Defect,
For this Effect defective comes by Cauſe :
Thus it remains, and the Remainder thus, Consider,
I have a Daughter, have while ſhe is mine,
Who in her Duty and Obedience, mark,
Hath given me this : now gather and ſurmiſe. [*Reads.*
To the Celeftial and my Soul's Idol, the moſt beautified
Ophelia : That's an ill Phraſe, a vile Phraſe ; Beautified is
a vile Phraſe : but you ſhall hear——thus in her excel-
lent white Boſom, Theſe, &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good Madam ſtay awhile, I will be faithful.

Doubt that the Stars are Fire,
Doubt that the Sun doth move,
Doubt Truth to be a Lyar,
But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at theſe Numbers, I have not
Art to reckon my Groans ; but that I love thee beſt, O
moſt beſt believe it : Adieu. Thine evermore, moſt dear
Lady, whiſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my Daughter ſhewn me,
And more concerning his Sollicitings,
As they fell out by Time, by Means, and Place,
' All given to mine Ear.

King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his Love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King.

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King. As of a Man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so ; but what might you think
‘ When I had seen this hot Love on the wing ?

‘ As I perceiv’d it (I must tell you that)

‘ Before my Daughter told me ; what might you

Or my dear Majesty your Queen here think,

If I had ‘ plaid the Desk or Table-book,

‘ Or given my Heart a winking, mute and dumb,

Or look’d upon this Love with idle sight,

‘ What might you think ?’ No, I went round to work,

And my young Mistress thus I charg’d :

Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince above thy Sphere,

This must not be ; and then I Precepts gave her,

That she should lock her self from his Resort,

Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens.

Which done, she took the Fruits of my Advice ;

And he repell’d, a short Tale to make,

Fell into a Sadness, then into a Fast,

‘ Thence to a Watch, then into a Weakness,

Thence to a Lightness, and by this Declension,

Into the Madness wherein he now raves,

And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think ’tis this ?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time (I would fain know
That I have positively said ’tis so, [that])

When it prov’d otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this ; if this be otherwise,

If Circumstances lead me, I will find

Where Truth is hid, tho it were hid indeed

Within the Center.

King. How may we try it farther ?

Pol. Sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the Lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I’ll loose my Daughter to him.

So please your Majesty to hide your self

Behind the Arras then :

Mark the Encounter ; if he love her not,

And

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And be not from his Reason fal'n thereon,
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
But keep a Farm and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor Wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away.

[Exeunt King and Queen.]

I'll board him presently. 'O give me leave.

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent well.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a Man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. Ay Sir, to be honest as this World goes,
Is to be one Man pickt out of ten thousand.

Pol. That is very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead Dog,
being a good kissing Carrion——Have you a Daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' Sun; Conception is a
Blessing, but as your Daughter may conceive, Friend
look to't.

Pol. 'How say you by that?' Still harping on my
Daughter; yet he knew *[Aside]* me not at first, but said
I was a Fishmonger; he is far gone: and truly in my
Youth I suffer'd much extremity for Love, very near this.
I'll speak to him again: What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord?

Ham. Slanders, Sir; for the Satirical Rogue says here,
that old Men have grey Beards, that their Faces are wrink-
led, their Eyes purging thick Amber, and Plumbtree Gum,
and that they have a most plentiful lack of Wit, together
with most weak Hams; all which, Sir, tho I most po-

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tently believe, yet I hold it not Honesty to have it thus set down; for you your self, Sir, shall grow old, as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Tho this be Madness, yet there is Method in't: Will you walk out of the Air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave.

Pol. Marry, that's out of the Air indeed: how pregnant his Replies are! a Happiness that often Madness hits on; 'which Reason and Sanity could not so happily be deliver'd of. I will leave him and my Daughter.' My Lord, I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withal, except my Life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old Fools.

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet, there he is. [*Exit.*

Ros. Save you, Sir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most dear Lord.

Ham. My excellent good Friends; how dost thou *Guildenstern*? Ah *Rosencraus*, good Lads, how do you both?

Ros. As the indifferent Children of the Earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not over-happy; on Fortune's Cap we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soles of her Shoe.

Ros. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her Favour.

Guil. Faith, in her Privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune; Oh most true! she is a Strumpet.' Well, what News?

Ros. None, my Lord, but the World's grown honest.

Ham. Then is Doomsday near; sure your News is not true. 'Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good Friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Ros. Then is the World one.

Ham.

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‘*Ham.* A goodly one, in which there are many Con-
fines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmark* being one
o’th’ worst.

‘*Ros.* We think not so, my Lord.

‘*Ham.* Why then ’tis none to you; for there is no-
thing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: To
me it is a Prison.

‘*Ros.* Why then your Ambition makes it one: ’Tis
too narrow for your Mind.

‘*Ham.* O God! I could be bounded in a Nut-shell,
and count my self a King of infinite space, were it not
that I have bad Dreams.

‘*Guil.* Which Dreams indeed are Ambition; for the
very Substance of the Ambitious is merely the Shadow
of a Dream.

‘*Ham.* A Dream it self is but a Shadow.

‘*Ros.* Truly, and I hold Ambition of so airy and light
a Quality, that it is but a Shadow’s Shadow.

‘*Ham.* Then are our Beggars Bodies, and our Mo-
narchs and out-stretch’d Heroes, the Beggars Shadows.
Shall we to th’ Court? for by my fey I cannot reason.

‘*Both.* We’ll wait upon you.

‘*Ham.* No such matter. I will not sort you with the
rest of my Servants; for to speak to you like an honest
Man, I am most dreadfully attended.’ But in the beaten
way of Friendship, what make you at *Elfinoor*?

Ros. To visit you, my Lord, no other Occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but
I thank you; ‘and sure, dear Friends, my Thanks are
too dear a half-penny.’ Were you not sent for? Is it
your own inclining? Is it a free Visitation? Come, come,
deal justly with me; nay speak.

Guil. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpose you were sent
for; there is a kind of Confession in your Looks, which
your Modesties have not Craft enough to colour. I know
the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. Nay, that you must teach me: But let me con-
jure you, by the Rights of our Fellowships, by the Con-
sonancy

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sonancy of our Youth, by the Obligation of our Love, and by what more dear, a better Proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Res. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you; if you love me, hold not off.

Gail. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my Anticipation prevent your Discovery, and your Secrecy to the King and Queen moult no Feather: I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my Mirth, forgone all Custom of Exercises, 'and indeed it goes so heavily with my Disposition,' that this goodly Frame, the Earth, seems to me a steril Promontory: This most excellent Canopy the Air, 'this brave o'er-hang'd Firmament,' this majestical Roof fretted with golden Fire, why it appears nothing to me but a foul and pestilent Congregation of Vapours. What a piece of Work is Man? how noble in Reason! how infinite in Faculties! in Form and Moving how express and admirable! in Action how like an Angel! in Apprehension the Beauty of the World, the Paragon of Animals! And yet to me what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me, nor Woman neither, tho by your smiling you seem to say so.

Res. My Lord, there was no such stuff in my Thoughts.

Ham. Why did ye laugh then, when I said Man delights not me?

Res. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenten Entertainment the Players shall receive from you: we met them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome, his Majesty shall have Tribute of me, the adventurous Knight shall use his Foil and Target, the Lover shall not sigh gratis, the humorous Man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall speak her Mind freely, or the blank Verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Res. Even those you were wont to take such delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham.

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Ham. How chances it they travel? their Residence both in Reputation and Profit was better both ways.

Ros. I think their Inhibition comes by the means of the late Innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same Estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their Endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, an Airy of Children, little Yases, that cry out on the top of Question, and are most tyrannically clap'd for't: these are now the Faction, and so be-rattle the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraid of Goose-Quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common Players, as it is most like, if their means are no better, their Writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own Succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the Nation holds it no Sin to tarre them to Controversy. There was for a while no Money bid for Argument, unless the Poet and the Player went to Cuffs in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. Oh there has been much throwing about of Brains!

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do; my Lord, *Hercules* and his Load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my Uncle is King of *Denmark*, and those that would make mouths at him while my Father lived, now give twenty, forty, fifty, nay a hundred Duckets apiece for his Picture in little: there is something in this more than natural, if Philosophy could find it out.

[*A Flourish.*]

Guil. Shall we call the Players?

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Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elfsnoor*, your hands; come then, th' Appurtenance of Welcome is Fashion and Ceremony: 'let me comply with you in this Garb, lest my Extent to the Players, which I tell you must shew fairly outwards, should more appear like Entertainment than yours; you are welcome:' but my Uncle-Father and Aunt-Mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North-North-West; when the Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawk from a Hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildestern* and *Rosencraus*; that great Baby that you see there is not yet out of his swadling Clouts.

Ros. Haply he is the second time come to them, for they say an old Man is twice a Child.

Ham. I prophesy that he comes to tell me of the Players; mark it: you say right, Sir, a Monday-morning, 'twas then indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have News to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have News to tell you; when *Roscious* was an Actor in *Rome*——

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine Honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass——

Pol. The best Actors in the World, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral; 'Scene individable, or Poem unlimited:' *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light for the Law of Wit and Liberty. These are the only Men.

Ham. O *Jephtha*, Judge of *Israel*, what a Treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one fair Daughter, and no more, the which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha*?

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Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my Lord, I have a Daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. 'Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to pass as most like it was:' The first Row of the Rubrick will shew you more, for look where my *Abridgment* comes.

Enter Players.

Ham. 'You are welcome Masters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well;' welcome good Friends. Oh my old Friend! why thy Face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, con'st thou to beard me in *Denmark*? What my young Lady and Mistress! marry your Ladyship is grown nearer to Heaven than when I saw you last by the Altitude of a Chopine: I wish your Voice, like a piece of uncurrent Gold, be not crack'd within the Ring. Masters you are all welcome, we'll e'en to't like friendly Falconers, fly at any thing we see, we'll have a Speech strait; come give us a Taste of your Quality, come, a passionate Speech.

Players. What Speech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a Speech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleased not the Million, 'twas Caviare to the Multitude; 'but it was as I received it and others, whose Judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent Play, well digested in the Scenes, set down with as much Modesty as Cunning. I remember one said there were no Sallets in the Lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the Phrase that might indite the Author of Affection, but call'd it an honest Method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.' One Speech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas *Aeneas's* talk to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially when he speaks of *Priam's* Slaughter; if it live in your Memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see——The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th' *Hircanian* Beast; Beast, no, that's not it, yet it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose fable Arms,

Black

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Black as his Purpose did the Night resemble,
 When he lay couched in th' ominous Horse,
 Hath now his Beard and black Complexion smear'd
 With Heraldry more dismal; head to foot
 Now is he total Gules; horribly trick'd
 With Blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons,
 Bak'd and impasted with the parching Streets,
 That lend a tyrannous and a damned Light
 To their Lord's Murder; roasted in Wrath and Fire,
 And thus o'er-cis'd with coagulate Gore,
 With Eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
 Old Grandfire *Priam* seeks. So proceed you.

Pol. My Lord, well spoken, with good Accent, and
 good Discretion.

Ham. So proceed you:

Play. Anon he finds him

Striking too short at *Greeks*, his antick Sword,
 Rebellious to his Arm, lies where it falls,
 Repugnant to command; unequal match'd
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in Rage strikes wide,
 But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
 Th' unnerved Father falls. 'Then senseless *Ilium*,
 Seeming to feel his Blow, with flaming top
 Stoops to his Base, and with a hideous Crash
 Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus*' Ear: For lo his Sword,
 Which was declining on the milky Head
 Of Reverend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' Air to stick,
 So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
 And like a Neutral to his Will and Matter
 Did nothing.

But as we often see against some Storm,
 A Silence in the Heaven, the Rack stands still,
 The bold Wind speechless, and the Orb below
 As hush as Death; anon the dreadful Thunder
 Doth rend the Region: So after *Pyrrhus*' pause,
 A roused Vengeance sets him new awork,
 And never did the Cyclops Hammers fall
 On *Mars* his Armour, forg'd for proof etern,
 With less Remorse than *Pyrrhus*' bleeding Sword
 Now falls on *Priam*.

Out,

Out, out thou Strumpet Fortune! ' All you Gods
' In general Synod take away her Power,
' Break all the Spokes and Felloes from her Wheel,
' And brou the round Nave down the Hill of Heaven
' As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barber's with your Beard: prethee
say on, he's for a Jig, or a Tale of Bawdry, or he sleeps.
Say on, come to *Helub*.

Play. But who, alas, had seen the mobled Queen?

Ham. The mobled Queen!

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the
A Clout upon that Head [Flames,

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe,

' About her lank, and all o'er-teemed Loins,

A Blanket in th' Alarm of Fear caught up.

Who this had seen with Tongue in Venom steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's State would Treason have pronounc'd:

' But if the Gods themselves did see her then;

' When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious Sport,

' In mincing with his Sword her Husband's Limbs,

' The instant Burst of Clamour that she made,

' Unless things mortal move them not at all,

' Would have made milch the burning Eyes of Heav'n,

' And Passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look where he has not turn'd his Colour, and has
Tears in's Eyes. Prethee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of
this soon. Good my Lord, will you see the Players well
bestowed? do you hear, let them be well used, for they
are the Abstract and brief Chronicles of the Time: After
your Death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than
their ill Report while you live.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their Desert.

Ham. Much better; use every Man, Sir, according to his
Desert, and who shall scape whipping? Use them after
your own Honour and Dignity, the less they deserye, the
more Merit is in your Bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come Sirs.

Ham.

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Ham. Follow him, Friends; we'll have a Play to-morrow. Dost thou hear me, old Friend? Can you play the Murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night: you could for need study a Speech of some dozen Lines, which I would set down and insert in it, could you not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well; follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good Friends, I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to *Elfinoor*.

Ros. Farewel, my Lord. [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

Ham. 'I so, Good by t'ye: Now am I alone,

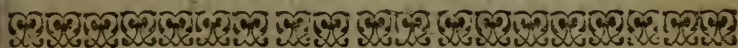
O what a Wretch and peasant Slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion,
Could force his Soul so to his own Conceit;
That from her working all the Visage warm'd,
Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in's Aspect,
A broken Voice, and his whole Function suiting
With Forms to his Conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the Motive, and that Ground for Passion
That I have? he would 'drown the Stage with Tears,
' And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech,
Make mad the Guilty, and appall the Free,
Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very Faculties of Eyes and Ears: 'yet I,
' A dull and muddy-mettled Rascal, peak
' Like *John-a-dreams*, -unpregnant of my Cause,
' And can say nothing; no not for a King,
' Upon whose Property and most dear Life
' A damn'd Defeat was made. Am I a Coward?
' Who calls me Villain, breaks my Pate a-cross,
' Plucks off my Beard, and blows it in my Face,
' Twekes me by the Nose, gives the Lye i'th' Throat.
' As deep as to the Lungs. Who does me this?
' Ha! why I should take it,' for it cannot be,

But

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But I am Pigeon-liver'd, and lack Gaul
 To make Oppression bitter, or e'er this
 I should have fatted all the Region Kites
 With this Slave's Offal. 'Bloody, bawdy Villain!
 'Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless Villain!
 'Why what an Ass am I? This is most brave,
 'That I, the Son of a dear Father murder'd,
 'Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven and Hell,
 'Must, like a Whore, unpack my Heart with Words,
 'And fall a cursing like a very Drab, a Scullion; fie upon't!
 'About my Brain: hum.' I have heard [foh!
 That guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
 Have by the very Cunning of the Scene
 Been struck so to the Soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their Malefactions:
 For Murder, tho it have no Tongue, will speak
 'With most miraculous Organ.' I'll have these Players
 Play something like the Murder of my Father,
 Before my Uncle; I'll observe his Looks,
 I'll tent him to the quick, if he look pale,
 I know my Course. The Spirit that I have seen
 May be a Devil; and the Devil may have power
 To assume a pleasing Shape; 'yea and perhaps
 'Out of my Weakness and my Melancholy,
 'As he is very potent with such Spirits,
 'Abuses me to damn me.' I'll have Grounds
 More relative than this; the Play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King. [Exit.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus,
 Guildenstern, Gentlemen and Guards.*

King. **A**ND can you by no Drift of Conference
 Get from him, why he puts on this Confusion,
 'Grating so harshly all his days of Quiet
 'With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy?

Ros.

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Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what Cause he will by no means speak.

‘ *Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
‘ But with a crafty Madnesse keeps aloof,
‘ When we would bring him on to some Confession
‘ Of his true State.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most civilly.

Guil. But with much forcing of his Disposition.

Ros. Unapt to question; but of our Demands
Most free in his Reply.

Queen. Did you invite him to any Pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain Players
We o’er-took on the way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of Joy
To hear of it; they’re here about the Court,
And as I think they have already order
This Night to play before him.

Pol. ’Tis most true,
And he beseech’d me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,
And it did much content me
To hear him so inclin’d:
Good Gentlemen, give him a further Edge,
And urge him to these Delights.

Ros. We shall, my Lord. [Exeunt *Ros.* & *Guil.*

King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he as ’twere by accident may meet
Ophelia here; her Father and my self
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing and unseer,
We may of their Encounter judge,
‘ And gather by him as he is behav’d,
If it be the Affliction of Love or no,
‘ That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy Cause
Of *Hamlet*’s Wildness; so shall I hope your Vertues

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Will bring him to his wonted way again,

To both your Honours.

[*Exit Queen.*]

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here whilst we
(If so your Majesty shall please) retire conceal'd :

Read on this Book,

That shew of such an Exercise may colour

Your Loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,

'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotion's Visage,

And pious Action, we do sugar o'er

The Devil himself.

King. O 'tis too true :

How smart a Lash that Speech doth give my Conscience !

The Harlot's Cheek beautied with plastring Art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,

Than is my Deed to my most painted Word :

O heavy Burden !

Pol. I hear him coming, retire, my Lord.

[*Exeunt King and Pol.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be or not to be, that is the Question ;

Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer

The Stings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,

Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,

And by opposing end them : To die to sleep

No more ; and by a Sleep to say we end

The Heart-ache, and the thousand natural Shocks

That Flesh is Heir to ; 'tis a Consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd, to die to sleep ;—

To sleep perchance to dream : ay there's the Rub ;

For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal Coil,

Must give us pause ; there's the Respect

That makes Calamity of so long Life.

For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,

Th' Oppressor's Wrong, the proud Man's Contumely,

The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay,

The Insolence of Office, and the Spurs

That patient Merit of th' Unworthy takes,

Whenas himself might his *Quietus* make

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With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary Life?
But that the Dread of something after Death,
The undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the healthful Face of Resolution
Is sicklyed o'er with the pale Cast of Thought,
And Enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard their Currents turn away,
And lose the Name of Action. 'Soft you now,'
The fair *Ophelia*, Nymph, in thy Oraisons
Be all my Sins remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord, how do ye?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Oph. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
That I have longed to re-deliver,
Pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honoured Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet Breath composed,
As made these things more rich: Their Perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble Mind
Rich Gifts wax poor, when Givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest?

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no Discourse to your Beauty.

Oph. Could Beauty, my Lord, have better Commerce than with Honesty?

Ham. Ay truly, for the Power of Beauty will sooner transform Honesty from what it is to a Bawd, than the Force of Honesty can translate Beauty to his Likeness: This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph.

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Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me, for Vertue cannot so evacuate our old stock, but we shall relish of it : I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery, why wouldst thou be a Breeder of Sinners ? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not bore me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more Offences at my back than I have Thoughts to put them in, Imagination to give them shape, or Time to act them in : What should such Fellows as I do crawling between Earth and Heaven ? We are arrant Knaves, believe none of us ; go thy ways to a Nunnery. Where's your Father ?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the Doors be shut upon him,
That he may play the fool no where but in's own House :
Farewel.

Oph. O help him, you sweet Heavens !

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy Dowry ; Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not scape Calumny ; get thee to a Nunnery. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a Fool, for wise Men know well enough what Monsters you make of them : To a Nunnery go, ' and quickly too ; farewel.

Oph. Heavenly Powers, restore him !

Ham. I have heard of your Paintings well enough : Nature hath given you one Face, and you make your selves another ; you jig and amble, and you lisp, you nick-name Heaven's Creatures, and make your Wantonness your Ignorance ; go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad : I say we will have no more Marriages, those that are married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery go. [*Exit.*]

Oph. O what a noble Mind is here o'erthrown !

' The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholars, Eye, Tongue, Sword,
The Expectation and Rose of the fair State,
' The Glasse of Fashion, and the Mould of Form,
The observ'd of all Observers, quite, quite down,

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And I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
' That suck'd the Hony of his Musick Vows ;
Now see that noble and most sovereign Reason,
Like sweet Bells jangled out of tune and harsh,
' That unmatch'd Form and Stature of blown Youth
' Blasted with Extasy.' O woe is me !
T' have seen what I have seen, seeing what I see ! [Exit.]

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love ! his Affections do not that way tend ;
For what he spake, tho it lack Form a little,
Was not like Madnes ; ' there's something in his Soul
' O'er which his Melancholy sits on brood,
' And I do doubt the Hatch and the Disclose,
' Will be some danger, which to prevent
' I have a quick Determination
' Thus set down : ' He shall with speed to *England*,
For the Demand of our neglected Tribute.
Haply the Seas and Countries different,
With variable Objects, shall expel
This something settled Matter in his Heart,
Whereon his Brain's still beating,
Puts him thus from Fashion of himself :
What think you on't ?

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. It shall do well :
' But yet I do believe the Origin and Commencement of it,
' Sprung from neglected Love.' How now, *Ophelia* ?
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-Mother alone intreat him
To shew his Grief ; let her be round with him,
And I'll be plac'd (so please you) in the Ear
Of all their Conference : if she find him not,
To *England* send him, or confine him where
Your Wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [Exeunt.]

Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the Speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it

to you, smoothly from the Tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as live the Town-Crier spoke my Lines: nor do not saw the Air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent Tempest, and, as I may say, Whirlwind of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothness. O it offends me to the Soul, to hear a robustious Periwig-pated Fellow tear a Passion to very Rags, to split the Ears of the Groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb Shews and Noise: I would have such a Fellow whip'd for o'er-doing *Termagant*; it out-*Herods Herod*, pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own Discretion be your Tutor; suit the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this special Observance, that you o'er-step not the Modesty of Nature; for any thing so o'er-done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at first and now, was and is to hold as 'twere the Mirror up to Nature, to shew Vertue her Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time his Form and Pressure. O there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the Accent of Christians, nor the Gate of Christian, Pagan, nor Man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's Journey-men had made Men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O reform it altogether, and let those that play your Clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, tho in the mean time some necessary Question of the Play be then to be consider'd: that's villainous, and shews a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. 'How now, my Lord, will the King hear this piece of work?

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Enter Polonius, Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. Ay, my Lord.

[Exeunt those two.]

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What ho, *Horatio*?

Hor. Here, my Lord, at your service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as just a Man
As e'er my Conversation met withal.

Hor. O my dear Lord!

Ham. Nay do not think I flatter;
For what Advancement may I hope from thee,
That hast no Revenue but thy good Spirits [tered?]
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the Poor be flat-
' No, let the candied Tongue lick absurd Pomp,
' And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,
' Where Thrift may follow Fawning, dost thou hear?
Since my dear Soul was Mistress of her Choice,
And could of Men distinguish her Election,
Sh'hath seal'd thee for her self: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all has suffer'd nothing;
' A Man that Fortune's Buffets and Rewards
' Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
' Whose Blood and Judgment are so well commingled,
' That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger,
' To sound what stop she please.' Give me the Man
' That is not Passion's Slave, and I will wear him
In my Heart's Core, ay, in my Heart of Hearts,
As I do thee——Something too much of this:
There is a Play to-night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my Father's Death:
I prithee when thou seest that Act on foot,
Even with the very Comment of thy Soul
Observe my Uncle: if then his hidden Guilt
Do not it self discover in one Speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have seen,
' And my Imaginations are as foul
' As *Vulcan's* Stithy:' give him heedful note,

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For I mine Eyes will rivet to his Face,
And after we will both our Judgments join
In Censure of his seeming.

Hor. I will, my Lord,
‘ If he steal ought the whilst the Play is playing,
‘ And scape Detection, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Gentlemen.

Ham. They are coming to the Play, I must be idle :
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Excellent i’faith,
Of the Cameleon’s Dish I eat, the Air ;
Promise-cram’d, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this Answer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No nor mine now, my Lord——
You plaid once in the University, you say. [To Pol.]

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a very

Ham. What did you enact ? [good Actor.]

Pol. I did enact *Julius Casar*. I was kill’d i’th’ Capitol,
Brutus kill’d me,

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a
Be the Players ready ? [Calf there.]

Ros. Ay, my Lord, they wait upon your Patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here’s Metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho, do you mark that ?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your Lap ?

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country matters ?

‘ *Oph.* I think nothing, my Lord.

‘ *Ham.* That’s a fair thought, to lie between Maids Legs.

‘ *Oph.* What is, my Lord ?

‘ *Ham.* Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

‘ *Ham.* Who I ?

‘ *Oph.* Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Your only Jig-maker ; what should a Man do
but be merry ? for look you how chearfully my Mother
looks, and my Father died within’s two hours.

Oph.

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Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two Months, my Lord.

Ham. So long ! nay then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a Suit of Sables : ' O Heavens ! ' die two Months ago, and not forgotten yet ! then there's hope a great Man's Memory may out-live his Life half a year : but he must build Churches then, ' or else shall he suffer not ' thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, ' for O, for O, the Hobby horse is forgot.

Oph. What means the Play, my Lord ?

Ham. It is munching *Mallico*, it means Mischief.

Oph. But what's the Argument ?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this Fellow :
The Players cannot keep secret, they'll shew all.

Oph. Are they so good at Shew, my Lord ?

Ham. Ay, at any Shew that you will shew them : be not you asham'd to shew, and they'll not blush to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Prologue. For us and for our Tragedy,
Here stooping to your Clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

[Exit.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesy of a Ring ?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As Woman's Love.

Enter Player King and Queen.

Pl. King. Full thirty times has *Phæbus*' Car gone round
' *Neptune*'s salt Wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the Ground,
' And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed sheen
' About the World have twelve times thirty been,
Since Love our Hearts, and *Hymen* did our Hands
Untie, infolding them in sacred Bands.

Pl. Queen. So many Journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, e'er Love be done :
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
And so far different from your former State,
That I distrust you ; yet tho I distrust,
Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must.
For Women fear too much, even as they love,

' Now

‘ Now Womens Fear and Love hold Quantity,
 ‘ In neither ought, or in Extremity.
 Now what my Love has been, Proof makes you know;
 And as my Love is great, my Fear is so:
 Where Love is great, the smallest Doubts are Fear;
 Where little Fear grows great, great Love grows there.

Pl. King. I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too,
 My working Powers their Functions leave to do;
 But thou shalt live in this fair World behind,
 Honour’d, belov’d, and haply one as kind,
 For Husband shalt thou——

Pl. Queen. O confound the rest!
 Such Love must needs be Treason in my Breast.
 In second Husband let me be accurst,
 None wed the second, but who kill’d the first.

Ham. That’s Wormwood.

‘ *Pl. Queen.* The Instances that second Marriage move,
 ‘ Are base Respects of Thrift, but none of Love;
 ‘ A second time I kill my Husband dead,
 ‘ When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

Pl. King. I do believe you. Think what now you speak,
 But what we do determine, oft we break;
 ‘ Purpose is but the Slave of Memory,
 ‘ Of violent Birth, but poor Validity,
 ‘ Which now like Fruits unripe sticks on the Tree,
 ‘ But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
 ‘ Most necessary ’tis that we forget
 ‘ To pay our selves what to our selves is Debt;
 ‘ What to our selves in Passion we propose,
 ‘ The Passion ending doth the Purpose lose;
 ‘ The Violence of either Grief or Joy
 ‘ Their own Enactures with themselves destroy;
 ‘ Where Joy most revels, Grief doth most lament:
 ‘ Grief joys, Joy grieves on slender Accident.
 ‘ This World is not for aye, nor is it strange
 ‘ That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change:
 ‘ For ’tis a Question left us yet to prove,
 ‘ Whether Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
 ‘ The great Man down, you mark his Favourite flies;
 ‘ The Poor advanc’d, makes Friends of Enemies:

‘ And

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' And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
 ' For who not needs shall never lack a Friend;
 ' And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
 ' Directly seasons him his Enemy.
 ' But orderly to end where I begun,
 ' Our Wills and Fates do so contrary run,
 ' That our Devices still are overthrown :
 ' Our Thoughts are ours, their Ends none of our own.
 Think still thou wilt no second Husband wed,
 But thy Thoughts die when thy first Lord is dead.

Pl. Queen. Nor Earth to give me Food, nor Heaven
 Sport and Repose lock from me day and night, [Light,
 ' To Desperation turn my Trust and Hope,
 ' And Anchors cheer in Prison be my Scope,
 ' Each opposite that blanks the Face of Joy,
 ' Meet what I would have well, and it destroy ;
 Both here and hence pursue me lasting Strife,
 If once I Widow be, and then a Wife.

Ham. If she should break it now ?

Pl. King. 'Tis deeply sworn : sweet leave me here a
 My Spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile . [while ;
 The tedious Day with Sleep.

Pl. Queen. Sleep rock thy Brain,
 And never come mischance between us twain. [Exeunt.

Ham. Madam, how like you the Play ?

Queen. The Lady doth protest too much methinks.

Ham. O but she'll keep her word. [fence in't ?

King. Have you heard the Argument ? Is there no of-

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence.

King. What do they call the Play ?

Ham. The Mouse-trap ; marry how ? tropically. This
 Play is the Image of a Murder done in Vienna. Gonzago
 is the Duke's Name, his Wife *Baptista*, you shall see anon
 'tis a knavish Piece of Work ; but what of that ? your
 Majesty and we shall have free Souls, it touches us not ;
 let the galled Jade winch, our Withers are unwrung.
 This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Ophel. You are as good as a Chorus, my Lord.

Ham.

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Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love,
If I could see the Puppits dallying.

‘*Ophel.* You are keen my Lord, you are keen.

‘*Ham.* It would cost you a groaning to take off mine

‘*Ophel.* Still worse and worse.

‘*Ham.* So you mistake your Husbands.’ Begin, Murderer, leave thy damnable Faces and begin ; come, the croaking Raven dorth bellow for Revenge. [Edge.

Luc. Thoughts black, Hands apt, Drugs fit, and Time Confederate Season, and no Creature seeing, [agreeing, Thou Mixture rank, of Midnight Weeds collected, With *Hecate*’s Bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected ; Thy natural Magick and dire Property, On wholesom Life usurps immediately.

Ham. He poisons him i’t’h Garden for his Estate, his Name’s *Gonzago* ; the Story is extant, and written in very choice *Italian* : you shall see anon how the Murderer gets the Love of *Gonzago*’s Wife.

Ophel. The King rises.

‘*Ham.* What frighted with false Fire ?

Queen. How fares my Lord ?

Pol. Give o’er the Play.

King. Give me some Lights : Away !

Pol. Lights, Lights, Lights. [Exeunt all but Ha. and Hor.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deer go weep,

The Hart ungalled go play,

For some must watch whilst some must sleep,

Thus runs the World away. ‘Would not this, Sir, and a Forest of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortune’s turn Turk with me, with provincial Roses on my raz’d Shoes, get me a Fellowship in a City of Players ?

‘*Hor.* Half a Share.

‘*Ham.* A whole one, I.

For thou do’st know, O *Damon* dear,

This Realm dismantled was

Of *Jove* himself, and now reigns here,

A very very Peacock.

Hor. You might have rhym’d.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, I’ll take the Ghost’s word for thousand Pound. Didst perceive ?

Hor.

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Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ah, come some Musick, come the Recorders :
' For if the King likes not the Comedy,
' Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
' Come, some Musick.

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a Word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guil. The King, Sir.

Ham. Ay Sir, what of him ?

Guil. Is in his Retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With Drink, Sir ?

Guil. No, my Lord, with Choler.

Ham. Your Wisdom would shew it self richer, to signify this to the Doctor ; for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more Choler.

Guil. Good my Lord, put your Discourse into some
And start not so wildly from my Business. [Frame,

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your Mother, in most great Affliction
of Spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this Courtesy is not of the
right breed : if it shall please you to make me a wholesom
Answer, I will do your Mother's Commandment ; if not,
your Pardon and my Return shall be the end of the Business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholesom Answer, my Wit's diseased : but Sir, such Answer as I can make, you shall command, or rather as you say, my Mother ; therefore no more, but to the matter : my Mother, you say.

Ros. Then thus she says, Your Behaviour of late hath struck her into Amazement and Admiration.

Ham. O wonderful Son, that can thus astonish a Mother ! but is there no sequel at the heels of this Mother's Admiration ? Impart.

Ros.

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Ros. She desires to speak with you in her Closet, e'er you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother : have you any farther Trade with us ?

Ros. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these Pickers and Stealers.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is the Cause of your Dis-temper ? You do surely bar the Door upon your own Liberty, if you deny your Grievs to your Friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack Advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the Voice of the King himself for your Succession in *Denmark* ?

Enter Horatio with Recorders.

Ham. Ay Sir, but while the Grass grows, the Pro-verb is something musty : Oh the Recorders, let me see one to withdraw with you ; why do you go about to recover the Wind of me, as if you would drive me into a Toil ?

Guil. O, my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my Love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that, will you play upon this Pipe ?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. It is as easy as Lying ; govern these Vantages with your Fingers and the Thumb ; give it breath with your Mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent Musick : look you, these are the Stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any Utterance of Harmony, I have not the Skill.

Ham. Why look ye now, how unworthy a thing you make of me ; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my Stops, you would pluck out the Heart of my Mystery, you would sound me from my lowest Note to the top of my Compass ; and there is much Musick, excellent Voice in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it speak. S'Death, do you think I am easier to be plaid

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on than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, tho
you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and
presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder Cloud that's almost in shape
of a Camel?

Pol. 'Tis like a Camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks 'tis like a Wezel.

Pol. It is black like a Wezel.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my Mother by and by; [by.
They fool me to the top of my bent. 'I will come by and

' *Pol.* I will say so.

[*Exit.*

' *Ham.* By and by is easily said. Leave me Friends.

[*Exeunt.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yaun, and Hell it self breathes out
Contagion to the World: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such Deeds as Day it self
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my Mother:
O Heart lose not thy Nature! let not ever
The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm Bosom!
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak Daggers to her, but use none.

' My Tongue and Soul, in this be Hypocrites:

' How in my words soever she be shent,

' To give them Seals never my Soul consent.

[*Exit.*

Enter King, Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his Madnefs range; therefore prepare you,

' I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,

' And he to *England* shall along with you,

' The Terms of our Estate may not endure

' Hazards so near us as doth hourly grow

' Out of his Lunacies.

' *Guil.* We will our selves provide;

' Most Holy and Religious Fear it is

' To

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• To keep those many Bodies safe,
• That live and feed upon your Majesty.
• *Ros.* The single and peculiar Life is bound
• With all the Strength and Armour of the Mind,
• To keep it self from Noyance ; but much more
• That Spirit, upon whose Weal depends and rests
• The Lives of many : The 'Cease of Majesty
• Dies not alone, but like a Gulf doth draw
• What's near it with it ; or it is a massy Wheel,
• Fix'd on the Summit of the highest Mount,
• To whose huge Spokes ten thousand lesser things
• Are mortic'd and adjoin'd, which when it falls,
• Each small Annexment, petty Consequence,
• Attends the boistrous Ruin ; never alone
• Did the King sigh, but with a general Groan:

King. Arm then I pray you to this speedy Voyage,
For we will Fetters put about this Fear
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. We will make haste. [*Exeunt Ros. & Guil.*]
Enter Polonius.

Pol. Sir, he's going to his Mother's Closet,
Behind the Arras I'll convey my self
To hear the Process ; I'll warrant she'll tax him home.
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more Audience than a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
Their Speech. Fare you well, my Liege,
I'll call upon you e'er you go to bed,
And tell you what I hear.

[*Exit.*]

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
O my Offence is rank, it sinells to Heaven ;
It hath the eldest Curse upon't,
A Brother's Murder : pray I cannot,
Tho Inclination be as sharp as Will,
My stronger Guilt defeats my strong Intent ;
And like a Man to double Business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this curst Hand
Were thicker than it self with Brother's Blood ?
Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heavens

64 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serves Mercy,
But to confront the Visage of Offence?

‘ And what’s in Prayer, but this twofold Force,
‘ To be forestalled e’er we come to fall,
‘ Or pardon’d being down?’ Then I’ll look up:
My Fault is past; but oh! what Form of Prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul Murder!
That cannot be, since I am still possess’d
Of those Effects for which I did the Murder,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen:
May one be pardon’d, and retain th’ Offence?
In the corrupted Currents of this World,
Offence’s gilded Hand may shove by Justice;
And oft ’tis seen the wicked Prize it self
Buys out the Law: but ’tis not so above,
There is no shuffling; there the Action lies
In its true Nature, and we our selves compel’d
Even to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults
To give in evidence. What then! what rests?
Try what Repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched State! O Bosom black as Death!
O limed Soul! that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! ‘ help Angels, make assay,
Bow stubborn Knees, and Heart with Strings of Steel
Be soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe,
All may be well. [The King kneels.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Where is this Murderer? he kneels and prays,
And now I’ll do’t, and so he goes to Heaven,
And so am I reveng’d: that would be scann’d——
He kill’d my Father, and for that
I his sole Son send him to Heaven.
Why this is Reward——not Revenge:
He took my Father grossly ‘ full of Bread,’
With all his Crimes broad blown as flush as May,
And how his Audit stands, who knows save Heaven?
But in our Circumstances and Course of Thought,
’Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng’d,
To take him in the purging of his Soul,

When

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When he is fit and season'd for his Passage? No.
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid time,
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in th' incestuous Pleasures of his Bed,

'At Gaming, Swearing,' or about some Act,
That has no Relish of Salvation in't.

Then trip him, that his Heels may kick at Heaven,

'And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black

'As Hell whereto it goes:' my Mother stays,

This Physick but prolongs thy sickly Days. [Exit]

King. My Words fly up, my Thoughts remain below,
Words without Thoughts never to Heaven go.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come strait, look you lay home to him,
Tell him his Pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath stood between
Much Heat and him. I'll here conceal my self,
Pray you be round with him.

'Ham. *within.* Mother, Mother, Mother:

Queen. I warrant you, fear me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle Tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked Tongue.

Queen. Why how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, 'by the Rood, not so,

You are the Queen, your Husband's Brother's Wife;
And would it were not so, you are my Mother.

Queen. Nay then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not:
You go not till I set you up a Glass, [budge;
Where you may see the utmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, ho!

Pol. What ho, help.

[*Behind the Arras.*

66 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducket, dead.

[Kills Pol.

Pol. O I am slain.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not, is it the King?

Queen. O what a rash and bloody Deed is this?

Ham. A bloody Deed, almost as bad, good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.

Queen. As kill a King.

Ham. Ay, Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding Fool, farewell ;

I took thee for thy better; take thy Fortune ;

Thou find'st to be too busy, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your Hands ; peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your Heart, for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff,

' If damned Custom have not braz'd it so,

' That it be Proof and Bulwark against Sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
In Noise so rude against me?

[Tongue

Ham. Such an Act,

That blurs the Grace and Blush of Modesty,

Calls Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose

From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,

And sets a Blister there, makes Marriage-Vows

As false as Dicers Oaths : Oh such a Deed !

As from the Body of Contraction plucks

The very Soul, and sweet Religion makes

A Rhapsody of Words. ' Heaven's Face does glow ;

' Yea, this Solidity and compound Mass,

' With heated Visage as against the Doom,

' Is thought-sick at the Act.

Ah me ! that Act !

Queen. Ah me, what Act !

Ham. ' That roars so loud, and thunders in the Index.

Look here upon this Picture, and on this

The counterfeited Presentment of two Brothers ;

See what a Grace was seated on this Brow,

Hyperion's Curls, the Front of Jove himself,

An Eye like Mars, to threaten and command,

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‘ A Station like the Herald *Mercury*,
‘ New lighted on a Heaven-kissing Hill ;
A Combination, and a Form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his Seal,
To give the World Assurance of a Man :
This was your Husband. Look you now what follows,
Here is your Husband, like a mildew’d Ear,
Blasting his wholesom Brother. Have you Eyes ?
Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,
And batten on the Moor ? Ha, have you Eyes ?
You cannot call it Love, for at your Age
The heyday of the Blood is tame, it’s humble,
And waits upon the Judgment ; and what Judgment
Would step from this to this ? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have Motion ; but sure that Sense
Is apoplex’d : for Madness would not err,
Nor Sense to Extasy was ne’er so thrall’d,
But it reserv’d some quantity of Choice
To serve in such a difference. ‘ What Devil was’t,
‘ That thus hath cozen’d you at hoodman blind ?
‘ Eyes without Feeling, Feeling without Sight,
‘ Ears without Hands or Eyes, Smelling fans all,
‘ Or but a sickly part of one true Sense,
‘ Could not so mope.’ Oh Shame, where is thy Blush ?
Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutiny in a Matron’s Bones
To flaming Youth, let Vertue be as Wax,
And melt in her own Fire, ‘ proclaim no Shame,
When the compulsive Ardor gives the Charge,
Since Frost it self as actively doth burn,
As Reason panders Will.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, speak no more ;
Thou turn’st my very Eyes into my Soul,
‘ And there I see such black and griev’d Spots,
‘ As will leave there their tinct.

Han. Nay, but to live
In the rank Sweat of an incestuous Bed,
Stew’d in Corruption, ‘ honying, and making Love
‘ Over the nasty Sty.

Queen. O speak to me no more,

These

68 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

These Words like Daggers enter in mine Ears.

No more, sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer and a Villain!

A Slave, that's not the twentieth part the Tythe

Of your precedent Lord; a Vice of Kings,

A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule,

That from a Shelf the precious Diadem stole,

And put it in his Pocket;

A King of Shreds and Patches.

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your Wings,

You heavenly Guards; what would your gracious Figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide?

That laps'd in Time and Passion, let's go by

Th' important acting of your dread Command? O say!

Ghost. Do not forget; this Visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted Purpose.

But look, Amazement on thy Mother sits:

O step between her and her fighting Soul!

Conceit in weakest Bodies strongest works:

Speak to her, *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you, Madam?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you;

That you do bend your Eye on Vacancy,

And with th' incorporeal Air do hold Discourse?

Forth at your Eyes your Spirits wildly peep;

And as the sleeping Soldiers in th' Alarm,

Your Hair starts up and stands an end: O gentle Son!

Upon the Heat and Flame of thy Distemper

Sprinkle cool Patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him——look you how pale he glares,

His Form and Cause conjoin'd, preaching to Stones

Would made them capable: do not look upon me,

Lest with this piteous Action you convert

My stern Effects; then what I have to do,

Will want true Colour, Tears perchance for Blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that's here I see.

Ham.

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Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why look you there, look how it stalks away,
My Father in his Habit as he liv'd;
Look where he goes, even now out at the Portal.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very Coinage of your Brain,
This bodiless Creation Extasy is very cunning in.

Ham. My Pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful Musick : it is not Madness
That I have uttered, bring me to the Test,
And I the matter will reword ; which Madness
Cannot do. Mother, for Love of Grace,
Lay not that flattering Unction to your Soul,
That not your Trespas, but my Madness speaks ;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank Corruption mining all within,
Infects unseen : Confess your self to Heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come ;
' And do not spread the Compost on the Weeds,
' To make them ranker. Forgive me this my Vertue ;
' For in the Fatness of these purisy Times,
' Vertue it self of Vice must pardon beg,
' Yea curb and woe for leave to do him good.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, thou hast cleft my Heart.

Ham. Then throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night, but go not to my Uncle's Bed ;
Assume a Vertue if you have it not.
' That Monster Custom, who all Sense doth eat,
' Of Habits Devil, is Angel yet in this,
' That to the Use of Actions fair and good
' He likewise gives a Frock or Livery,
' That aptly is put on : refrain to-night,
' And that shall lend a kind of Easiness
' To the next Abstinence, the next more easy ;
' For Use almost can change the Stamp of Nature,
' And master the Devil, or throw him out
' With wondrous Potency. Once more good-night,
' And when you are desirous to be blest,

70 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

' I'll Blessing beg of you : ' for this same Lord,
[*Pointing to Pol.*

I do repent ; but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The Death I gave him ; so again good-night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind ;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more.

Queen. What shall I do ?

Ham. ' Not this by no means that I bid you do,
Let not the King tempt you to bed again,
' Pinch wanton on your Cheek, call you his Moufe ;
' And let him not for a pair of reechy Kisses,
' Or padling in your Neck with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in Madness,
But mad in Craft ; 'twere good you let him know,
' For who that's but Queen, fair, sober ; wise ;
' Would from a Paddock, from a Bat, a Gib,
' Such dear Concernings hide ? who would do so ?
' No, in despite of Sense and Secrecy
' Unpeg the Basket on the House's top,
' Let the Birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
' To try the Conclusions in the Basket creep,
' And break your own Neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if Words be made of Breath,
And Breath of Life, I have no Life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that.

Queen. Alack I had forgot,
'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. ' There's Letters seal'd, and my two School-fel-
' Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd, [lows,
' They bear the Mandate ; they must sweep my way,
' And marshal me to Knavery : let it work,
' For 'tis the Sport to have the Engineer
' Hoist with his own Petard, and 'tshall go hard
' But I will delye one Yard below their Mines,

' And

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‘ And blow them at the Moon : O ’tis most sweet,
‘ When in one Line two Crafts directly meet.

This Man will set me packing,
I’ll lug the Guts into the neighbour Room.

Mother, good-night ; this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in’s Life a foolish prating Knave.

Come Sir, to draw toward an end with you.

[Exit Hamlet, dragging in Polonius.]

Good-night, Mother.



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King and Queen, with Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. **T**Here’s matter in these Sighs, ‘ these profound
You must expound them : [Heaves,
Where is your Son ?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[Exeunt Ros. & Guil.]

Ah my Lord, what have I seen to-night ?

King. What, Gertrard ? how does Hamlet ?

Queen. Mad as the Sea and Wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawless Fit ;
Behind the Arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish Apprehension kills
The unseen good old Man.

King. O heavy Deed !

It had been so with us, had we been there :

‘ His Liberty is full of Threats to all,

‘ To you your self, to us, to every one.

‘ Alas, how shall this bloody Deed be answer’d ?

‘ It will be laid to us, whose Providence

‘ Should have restrain’d

‘ This mad young Man : but so much was our Love,

‘ We would not understand what was most fit,

‘ But

72 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

- ‘ But like the Owner of a foul Disease,
- ‘ To keep it from divulging, let it feed
- ‘ Even on the Pith of Life : where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the Body he hath kill’d,
 ‘ O’er whom his Madness like some Oar,
 ‘ Among a Mineral of Metal base,
 ‘ Shews it self pure ;’ he weeps for what is done.

King. Gertrard, come away ;
 The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch,
 But we will ship him hence ; and this vile Deed
 We must withal our Majesty and Skill,

Enter Ros. and Guil.

Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, *Guildestern*,
 Friends both, go join with you some further Aid ;

Hamlet in Madness hath *Polonius* slain,
 And from his Mother’s Closet has he dragg’d him :
 Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the Body
 Into the Chappel ; I pray you haste in this.

Come, *Gertrard*, we’ll call up our wisest Friends,
 And let them know both what we mean to do,
 And what’s untimely done :

- ‘ Whose Whisper o’er the World’s Diameter,
- ‘ As level as the Cannon to his Blank,
- ‘ Transports his poison’d Shot, may miss our Name,
- ‘ And hit the woundless Air. O come away,
- ‘ My Soul is full of Discord and Dismay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stow’d. [*Within. Hamlet ! Lord Hamlet.*]

Ham. What Noise ? who calls *Hamlet* ?

O here they come.

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead Body ?

Ham. Compounded it with Dust, whereto it is a-kin.

Ros. Tell us where ’tis, that we may take it thence,
 And bear it to the Chappel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what ?

Ham. That I can keep your Counsel, and not my own :
 besides, to be demanded of a Sponge, what Replication
 should be made by the Son of a King ?

Ros. Take you me for a Sponge, my Lord ?

Ham.

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Ham. Ay Sir, that soaks up the King's Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities : but such Officers do the King best service in the end, he keeps them like an Apple in the corner of his Jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallow'd ; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knavish Speech sleeps in a foolish Ear.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell us where the Body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. 'The Body is with the King, but the King is not with the Body : the King is a thing.

' *Guil.* A thing, my Lord ?

' *Ham.* Of nothing ;' bring me to him. [Exeunt.
Enter King and Gentlemen.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the Body ; How dangerous is it that this Man goes loose ? Yet must we not put the strong Law upon him : He's lov'd of the distracted Multitude, Who like not in their Judgment, but their Eyes ; And where 'tis so, th' Offender's Scourge is weigh'd, But never the Offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate Pause : Diseases desperate grown, By desperate Appliance are reliev'd, Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

' *King.* How now ? what hath befallen ?

Ros. Where the dead Body is bestow'd, my Lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

' *Ros.* Without, my Lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, bring in the Lord Hamlet.

Enter Hamlet and Guards.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper ! where ?

74 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten ; a certain Convocation of politick Worms are e'en at him :
 ' Your Worm is your only Emperor for Diet. We fat
 ' all Creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selves for
 ' Maggots ; your fat King and your lean Beggar is but
 ' variable Service ; two Dishes but to one Table, that's
 ' the end.

King. Alas ! alas !

Ham. A Man may fish with the Worm that hath eat
 ' of a King, eat of the Fish that hath fed of that Worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a King may go
 ' a Progress through the Guts of a Beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius* ?

Ham. In Heaven ; send thither to see : if your Messenger
 find him not there, seek him i'th' other place your self :
 but indeed if you find him not within this Month, you
 shall nose him as you go up the Stairs into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet*, this Deed, for thine especial Safety,
 ' Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
 ' For that which thou hast done,' must send thee hence ;
 Therefore prepare thy self,
 The Bark is ready, and the Wind sits fair,
 ' Th' Associates tend, and every thing is bent
 For England.

Ham. For England ?

King. Ay *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our Purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that sees them : but come, for
 Farewel, dear Mother. [*England.*]

King. Thy loving Father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My Mother ; Father and Mother is Man and Wife,
 Man and Wife is one Flesh ; and so my Mother. Farewel
 Come, for England. [*Mother.*]

King. Follow him.

Tempt him with speed aboard,

' Delay it not,' I'll have him hence to-night :

Away

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Away, for every thing is seal'd and done,
 ' That else leans on the Affair ; pray you make haste.
 And *England*, if my present Love thou holdst at ought,
 ' As my great Power thereof may give thee Sense,
 ' Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red
 ' After the *Danish* Sword, and thy free Awe
 ' Pays homage to us, thou may'st not coldly set
 ' Our Sovereign Process, which imports at full
 ' By Letters conjuring to that effect
 The present Death of *Hamlet* ; ' do it *England*,
 ' For like the Hectick in my Blood he rages,
 ' And thou must cure me : till I know 'tis done,
 ' How e'er my haps, my Joys were ne'er begun. [Exit.]

' *Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the Stage.*

' *For.* Go Captain, from me greet the *Danish* King,
 ' Tell him that by his Licence *Fortinbras*
 ' Craves the Conveyance of a promis'd March
 ' Over his Kingdom ; you know the Rendezvous :
 ' If that his Majesty would ought with us,
 ' We shall expresse our Duty in his Eye,
 ' And let him know so.

' *Capt.* I will do't, my Lord.

' *For.* Go softly on. [Exit Fort.]

' *Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.*

' *Ham.* Good Sir, whose Powers are these ?

' *Capt.* They are of *Norway*, Sir.

' *Ham.* How propos'd, Sir, I pray you ?

' *Capt.* Against some part of *Poland*.

' *Ham.* Who commands them, Sir ?

' *Capt.* The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.

' *Ham.* Goes it against the Main of *Poland*, Sir,
 ' Or against some Frontier ?

' *Capt.* Truly to speak, and with no Addition,
 ' We go to gain a little Patch of Ground,
 ' That hath in it no Profit but the Name :
 ' To pay five Duckets, five, I would not farm it ;
 ' Nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*
 ' A ranker Rate, should it be sold in fee.

' *Ham.* Why then the *Pollack* never will defend it.

' *Capt.* Nay it is already garison'd.

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- ‘ *Ham.* Two thousand Souls, and 20000 Duckets
- ‘ Will not debate the Question of this straw ;
- ‘ This is th’ Imposthume of much Wealth and Peace,
- ‘ That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
- ‘ Why the Man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.
- ‘ *Capt.* God be w’ye, Sir.
- ‘ *Ros.* Will’t please you go, my Lord ?
- ‘ *Ham.* I’ll be with you strait, go a little before.
- ‘ How all Occasions do inform against me,
- ‘ And spur my dull Revenge ? What is a Man,
- ‘ If his chief Good and Market of his time
- ‘ Be but to sleep and feed ? a Beast, no more.
- ‘ Sure he that made us with such large Discourse,
- ‘ Looking before and after, gave us not
- ‘ That Capability and God-like Reason
- ‘ To rust in us unus’d : now whether it be
- ‘ Bestial Oblivion, or some craven Scruple
- ‘ Of thinking too precisely on th’ Event,
- ‘ A Thought which quarter’d hath but one part Wisdom,
- ‘ And ever three parts Coward ; I do not know
- ‘ Why yet I live to say this thing’s to do,
- ‘ Sith I have Cause, and Will, and Strength, and Means
- ‘ To do’t. Examples gross as Earth exhort me ;
- ‘ Witness this Army of such Mass and Charge,
- ‘ Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
- ‘ Whose Spirit with Divine Ambition puffed,
- ‘ Makes mouths at the invisible Event,
- ‘ Exposing what is mortal and unsure
- ‘ To all that Fortune, Death, and Danger dare,
- ‘ Even for an Egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
- ‘ Is not to stir without great Argument ;
- ‘ But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
- ‘ When Honour’s at the stake. How stand I then,
- ‘ That have a Father kill’d, a Mother stain’d,
- ‘ Excitements of my Reason and my Blood,
- ‘ And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
- ‘ The imminent Death of twenty thousand Men,
- ‘ That for a Fantasy and Trick of Fame
- ‘ Go to their Graves like Beds, fight for a Plot
- ‘ Whereon the Numbers cannot try the Cause,
- ‘ Which

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Which is not Tomb enough and Continent
To hide the Slain? O from this time forth,
My Thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [Exit.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed distracted, and deserves pity.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her Father, says she hears
There's Tricks i'th' World, and hems, and beats her Heart,
Spurns enviously at Straws, speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half Sense, her Speech is nothing;
Yet the unshaped Use of it doth move
The Hearers to Collection, 'they aim at it,

'And botch the Words up fit to their own Thoughts;
Which, as her Winks, and Nods, and Gestures yield them,
'Indeed would make one think there might be Thoughts,
Tho nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may
Dangerous Conjectures in ill-breeding Minds. [strew
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

'*Queen.* To my sick-Soul, as Sin's true Nature is,
'Each Toy seems Prologue to some great amiss;
'So full of artless Jealousy is Guilt,
'It spills it self in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia? [She sings:
[ther one?

Oph. How should I your true Love know from ano-
By his cockle Hat and Staff, and by his Sandal Shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet Lady, what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you mark:

He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone, [Sings.
At his Head a grass-green Turf, at his Heels a Stone.

O ho.

Queen. Nay but, Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you mark.

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*White his Shroud as the Mountain Snow,
Larded all with sweet Flowers,
Which beweept to the Ground did not go
With true Love-Showers.*

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

King. How do you, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good dild you, they say the Owl was a Baker's Daughter: we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray, let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day, [Sings.
*All in the Morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window
To be your Valentine.*

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeed without an Oath, I'll make an end on't.
Then up he rose, and dond his Clothes, and ope'd the Cham-
[ber Door;

Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.

' By Gis and by Saint Charity,

' Alack and fie for shame,

' Young Men will do't if they come to't,

' By cock they are to blame. [ued.

' Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promis'd me to

' (He answers) So should I have done, by yonder Sun,

' And thou hadst not come to my Bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient: but I cannot chuse but weep, to think they would lay him i'th' cold Ground; my Brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good Counsel——

*Come my Coach, good-night Ladies, good-night,
Sweet Ladies, good-night, good-night.* [Exit.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you:
O this is the Poison of deep Grief, it springs
All from her Father's Death. 'O Gertrard, Gertrard,
' When Sorrows come, they come not single Spies,
' But

' But in Battalions : first, her Father slain,
 ' Next, your Son gone, and he most violent Author
 ' Of his own just Remove ; the People muddied ;
 ' Thick and unwholesom in their Thoughts and Whispers
 ' For good *Polonius*' Death, and we have done but greenly,
 ' Obscurely to inter him ; poor *Ophelia*
 ' Divided from her self and her fair Judgment,
 ' Without which we are but Pictures, or mere Beasts.
 ' Last, and as much containing as all these,
 ' Her Brother is in secret come from *France*,
 ' Feeds on this Wonder, keeps himself in Clouds,
 ' And wants not Whispers to infect his Ear -
 ' With pestilent Speeches of his Father's Death,
 ' Wherein necessity of matter beggar'd,
 ' Will nothing stick our Person to arraign
 ' In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrard*, this
 ' Like to a murdering piece in many places
 ' Gives me superfluous Death. [*A Noise within.*

Enter Gentlemen.

' *Queen.* Alack, what Noise is this ?

King. ' Where are my *Swissers* ? let them guard the door :
 What is the matter ?

Gent. ' Save your self, my Lord.

' The Ocean over-peering of his List,
 ' Eats not the Flats with more impetuous haste,
 ' Than' young *Laertes* in a riotous head
 O'er-bears your Officers ; the Rabble call him Lord :
 ' And as the World were now but to begin,
 ' Antiquity forgot, Custom not known,
 ' The Ratifiers and Props of every word,
 They cry, chuse we *Laertes* for our King ;
 Caps, Hands, and Tongues applaud it to the Clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Queen. ' How chearfully on the false Trail they cry.

[*A Noise within.*
 O this is counter, you false *Danish* Dogs !

' *King.* The Doors are broke.

Laer. within. Where is the King ? Sirs, stand you all
 without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer.

80 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you, keep the Door.

Enter Laertes.

① thou vile King, give me my Father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of Blood that's calm, proclaims me
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot [Bastard,
Even here between the chaste unsmitted Brows
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrard*, do not fear our Person;
There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason dares not reach at what it would,
Acts little of his Will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus incens'd : let him go, *Gertrard*.
Speak Man.

Laer. Where is my Father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with :
To Hell Allegiance, Vows to the blackest Devil,
Conscience and Grace to the profoundest Pit,
I dare Damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the Worlds I give to Negligence,
Let come what will, only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the World :
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Will you, in revenge of your
Dear Father's Death, destroy both Friend and Foe?

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good Friends thus wide I'll ope my Arms,
And like the kind Life-rendring Pelican
Relieve them with my Blood.

King.

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King. Why now you speak
Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your Father's Death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your Judgment lie,
As Day does to your eye.

Within. O poor Ophelia!

Laer. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

• How now? what noise is that?
• O Hear, dry up my Brains; Tears seven times salt,
• Burn out the Sense and Virtue of mine eye.
By Heaven, thy Madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our Scale turn the Beam. O Rose of May!
Dear Maid! kind Sister, sweet Ophelia!
O Heavens! is't possible a young Maid's Wits
Should be as mortal as a sick Man's Life!

Oph. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Bier, [Sings.
And in his Grave rain'd many a Tear.
Fare you well, my Dove.

Laer. Hadst thou thy Wits, and didst persuade Revenge,
It could not move us.

Oph. You must sing a-down, a-down,
And you call him a-down-a. O how the Wheel becomes it!
It is the false Steward that stole his Master's Daughter.

Laer. This nothing is much more than Matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembrance; pray
you, Love, remember: and there's Pancies, that's for
Thoughts.

Laer. A Document in Madness, Thoughts and Remem-
brance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines; there's
Rue for you, and here's some for me, we may call it
Herb of Grace o' Sundays; O you may wear your Rue
with a difference. There's a Daisy: I would give you some
Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father died: they
say he made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my Joy. [Sings.

Laer. Thoughts and Afflictions, Passion, Hell it self,
She turns to Favour and to Prettiness.

Oph.

82 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Oph. *And will he not come again,* [Sings.
And will he not come again?

*No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never will come again.*

*His Beard was as white as Snow ;
Flaxen was his Pole ;*

*He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moan,
And peace be with his Soul, and with all Lovers Souls.*

[Exit.

King. *Laertes, I must share in your Grief,
Or you deny my Right ; go but a-part.
Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collateral Hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
' Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction : but if not,
Be you content to lend your Patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your Soul,
To give it due content.*

Laer. Let this be so.

*His Means of Death, his obscure Funeral,
No Trophy, Sword, or Hatchment o'er his Bones,
No noble Rite, nor formal Ostentation,
Cry to be heard as 'twere from Earth to Heaven,
That I must call't in question.*

King. So you shall ;

And where th' Offence is, let the great Axe fall :

I pray you go with me.

[Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and Gentlemen.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

*Gen. Sea-faring Men, Sir ; they say they have Letters
for you.*

Hor. Let them come in :

*I do not know from what part of the World
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.*

Enter two Sailors.

Sail. Save you, Sir.

Sail.

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Sail. Here are Letters for you, 'Sir, they came from the Ambassador that was bound for England,' if your Name be *Horatio*, as we are inform'd it is.

Hor. reads the Letter.

Horatio, when thou shalt have over-look'd this, give these Fellows some means to the King, they have Letters for him. E'er we were two days old at Sea, a Pirate of very warlike Appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled Valour, and in the Grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our Ship, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with me like Thieves of Mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a turn for them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly Death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter. These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosen-craus and Guildenstern hold their Course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel. Hamlet.
Come, I will make you way for these your Letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your Conscience my Acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your Heart for Friend,
Since you have heard, and with a knowing Ear,
That he who hath your noble Father slain,
Pursued my Life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceed not against these Crimes
So capital in Nature,
'As by your Safety, Greatness, Wisdom, all things else,
'You mainly were stir'd up.

King. For two special Reasons,
Which may perhaps to you seem weak,
But yet to me they're strong: the Queen his Mother
Lives almost by his Looks; and for my self,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either,
She is so precious to my Life and Soul,

That

84 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

That as a Star moves not but in his Sphere,
 I could not but by her. The other Motive
 Why to a publick Count I might not go,
 Is the great Love the People bear him,
 Who dipping all his Faults in their Affection,
 Work like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
 ' Convert his Gyves to Graces; so that my Arrows
 ' Too slightly timbred for so loud a Wind,
 ' Would have reverted to my Bow again,
 ' And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so I have a noble Father lost;
 A Sister driven into desperate Terms,
 Whose Worth, if Praises may go back again,
 Stood Challenger on the Mount of all the Age
 For her Perfections: but my Revenge will come.

King. Break not your Sleeps for that, you must not think
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
 That we can let our Beard be shook with Danger,
 And think it pastime: you shortly shall hear more.
 I lov'd your Father, and we love our self;
 ' And that I hope will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

' How now! what News?

Mess. Letters, my Lord, from *Hamlet*. ' These to
 ' your Majesty: This to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my Lord, they say, I saw them not;
 They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them
 Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes*, you shall hear them: leave us. [*Ex. Mess.*
High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
Kingdom: to-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly
Eyes, when I shall, first asking you pardon, thereunto
recount the Occasion of my sudden ' and most strange'
Return.

What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
 Or is it some Abuse, or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the Hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet's* Character. Naked!
 And in a Postscript here he says, alone;

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Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very Sicknefs of my Heart,
That I shall live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so, *Laertes*,
As how should it be so?—how otherwise?
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my Lord, so you will not o'er-rule me to a
Peace.

King. To thine own Peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his Voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an Exploit now ripe in my Device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall,
And for his Death no Wind of Blame shall breathe,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the Practice,
And call it Accident.

Laer. My Lord, I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so,
That I might be the Instrument.

King. It falls right:
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet's* hearing, for a Quality
Wherein they say you shine; 'your Sum of Parts'
'Did not together pluck such Envy from him,
'As did that one, and that in my regard
'Of the unworthiest Siege.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very Feather in the Cap of Youth,
Yet needful too, 'for Youth no less becomes
'The light and careless Livery that it wears,
'Than settled Age his Sables, and his Weeds,
'Importing Health and Graveness.' Two months since
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I've seen my self, and serv'd against the *French*,
And they can well on horseback: but this Gallant
Had Witchcraft in't, he grew unto his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd

86 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

With the brave Beast; so far he topt my Thought,
That I in Forgery of Shapes and Tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, *Lamound.*

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is indeed
The Gem of all the Nation.

King. He made Confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly Report
For Art and Exercise in your Defence,
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a fight indeed
If one could match you: the Fencers of their Nation
He swore had neither Motion, Guard, nor Eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this Report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er to play with you.
Now out of this——

Laer. What out of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your Father dear to you?
Or are you like the Painting of a Sorrow,
A Face without a Heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your Father,
' But that I know Love is begun by Time,
' And that I see in Passages of Proof,
' Time qualifies the Spark and Fire of it;
' There lives within the very Flame of Love
' A kind of Wick or Snuff that will abate it,
' And nothing is at a like Goodness still;
' For Goodness growing to a Pleurisy,
' Dies in his own too much: that we would do,
' We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
' And hath Abatements and Delays as many
' As there are Tongues, are Hands, are Accidents:
' And then this *should* is like a spend-thrift Sigh,
' That hurts by easing.' But to the business,

Hamlet

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Hamlet comes back ; what, would you undertake
To shew your self indeed your Father's Son
More than in words ?

Laer. To cut his Throat i'th' Church.

King. No place indeed should protect a Murderer,
Revenge should have no Bounds : but, good *Laertes*,
Keep close within your Chamber ;

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home,
We'll put on those shall praise your Excellence,
And set a double Varnish on the Fame
The *Frenchman* gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your Heads : he being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foils ; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A Sword unbaited, and ' in a pass of Practice'
Requite him for your Father's Death.

Laer. I will do't ;
And for the purpose I'll anoint my Sword :
I bought an Unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it draws Blood, no Cataplasim so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from Death
That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my point
With this Contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be Death.

King. Let's further think of this,
• Weigh what Conveyance both of Time and Means,
• May fit us to our Shape. If this should fail,
• And that our Drift look through our bad Performance,
• 'Twere better not assay'd. Therefore this Project
• Should have a Back or Second that might hold
• If this should blast in proof : soft'——let me see——
• We'll make a solemn Wager on your Cunnings.
I have't ; when in your Motion you are hot and dry,
As make your Bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the purpose, whereon but tasting,

88 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

If he by chance escape your venom'd Sword,
It shall be Death. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

Queen. One Woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your Sister's drown'd, *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd: O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growing o'er a Brook,
That shews his hoary Leaves i'th' glassy Stream,
Near which fantastick Garlands she did make
Of Crow-Flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
' That liberal Shepherds give a grosser Name,
' But our cold Maids do dead Mens-Fingers call them.
There on the pendent Boughs her Coronet-weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious Shiver broke,
When down her weedy Trophies and her self
Fell in the weeping Brook: ' her Clothes spread wide,
' And Mermaid-like awhile they bore her up,
' Which time she chanted Remnants of old Lauds,
' As one incapable of her own Distress,
' Or like a Creature native and endued
' Unto that Element; but long it could not be
' Till that her Garments, heavy with their Drink,
' Pull'd the gentle Maid from her melodious Lay
' To muddy Death.

' *Laer.* Alas then! is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of Water hast thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my Tears: but yet
' It is our trick,' Nature her Custom holds,
Let Shame say what it will; ' when these are gone
' The Woman will be out.' Adieu, my Lord,
I have a Fire that fain would blaze,
But that this Folly drowns it. [Exit.]

King. Let's follow, *Gertrard*;
How much had I to do to calm his Rage!
Now I fear this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow. [Exeunt.]

A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter two Gravemakers.

1 *Gravem.* **I**S she to be buried in Christian Burial, when she wilfully seeks her own Salvation?

2 *Gravem.* I tell thee she is, therefore make her Grave strait; the Crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian Burial.

1 *Gravem.* How can that be, unless she drown'd her self in her own Defence?

2 *Gravem.* Why 'tis found so.

1 *Gravem.* It must be *se-offendendo*, it cannot be else: for here lies the point, if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three Branches, it is to act, to do, and to perform; argal, she drown'd her self wittingly.

2 *Gravem.* Nay but hear, you Goodman Delves.

1 *Gravem.* Give me leave; here lies the Water, good; here stands the Man, good: if the Man go to this Water, and drown himself, it is will he, nill he; he goes, mark you that: but if the Water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own Death, shortens not his own Life.

2 *Gravem.* But is this Law?

1 *Gravem.* Ay marry is't, Crowners Quest-Law.

2 *Gravem.* Will you have the truth on't? if this had not been a Gentlewoman, she should have been buried without Christian Burial.

1 *Gravem.* Why there thou say'st; and the more pity that great Folk should have countenance in this World to drown or hang themselves more than we: Come, my Spade, there is no antient Gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Gravemakers; they hold up *Adam's* Profession.

2 *Gravem.* Was he a Gentleman?

1 *Gravem.* He was the first that ever bore Arms.

90 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

I'll put another Question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thy self——

2 *Gravem.* Go to.

1 *Gravem.* What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

2 *Gravem.* The Gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand Tenants.

1 *Gravem.* I like thy Wit well; the Gallows does well, but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill; now thou dost ill to say the Gallows is built stronger than the Church: argal, the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Gravem.* Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

1 *Gravem.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Gravem.* Marry now I can tell.

1 *Gravem.* To't.

2 *Gravem.* Mafs I cannot tell.

1 *Gravem.* Cudgel thy Brains no more about it, for your dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when thou art ask'd this Question next, say a Grave-maker, the Houses he makes last till Doomsday.

Go get thee in, and fetch me a Stoop of Liquor.

[Exit 2 *Gravem.*

In Youth when I did love, did love, [Sings.

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract O the time for a my behove,

O methought there was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this Fellow no feeling in his business, that he sings in Grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a Property of Easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so, the Hand of little employment hath the daintier Sense.

Gravem. But Age with stealing Steps [Sings.

Hath clawed me in his Clutch,

And hath shipped me into the Land,

As if I never had been such.

Ham.

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Ham. That Skull had a Tongue in 'it, and could sing once; how the Knave jowls it to the Ground, as if 'twere *Cain's* Jaw-bone, that did the first murder: this might be the Pate of a Politician 'which this Ass now o'er-reaches, 'one that would circumvent Heaven,' might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. 'Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good-morrow, my Lord, how dost thou, sweet Lord? this might 'be my Lord such a one, that praised my Lord such a one's Horse when he went to beg him, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so, and now 'tis my Lady *Worm's*, 'chapless and knock'd about the Mazzard of a Sexton's 'Spade;' here's a fine Revolution, 'and we had the 'trick to see't:' did these Bones cost no more the breeding but to play at Loggers with them? mine ake to think on't.

Gravem. *A Pickax and a Spade, a Spade,*

For and a shrowding Sheet,

O a Pit of Clay for to be made:

For such a Guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the Skull of a Lawyer? Where be his Quiddities now; his Quillities, his Cases, his Tenures, and his Tricks? Why does he suffer this mad Knave now to knock him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his Actions of Battery? Hum; this Fellow might be in's time a great Buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: 'Is this the Fine of his Fines, and the Recovery 'of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine 'Dirt?' Will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases and Doubles, than the Length and Breadth of a pair of Indentures? The very Conveyances of his Land will scarcely lie in this Box, and must the Inheritor himself have no more? ha!

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my Lord, and of Calves-skins too.

92 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. 'They are Sheep and Calves which seek out Assurance in that.' I will speak to this Fellow: Whose Grave's this, Sirrah?

Gravem. Mine, Sir—Or a Pit of Clay for to be made. [Sings.]

Ham. I think it's thine indeed, for thou ly'st in't.

Gravem. You lye out on't, Sir, and therefore 'tis not your's: for my part I do not lie in't, yet it's mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say it is thine; 'tis for the Dead, and not for the Quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Gravem. 'Tis a quick Lye, Sir, 'twill again from me to you.

Ham. What Man dost thou dig it for?

Gravem. For no Man, Sir.

Ham. What Woman then?

Gravem. For none neither.

Ham. Who is't to be buried in't?

Gravem. One that was a Woman, Sir, but rest her Soul, she's dead:

Ham. How absolute the Knave is? we must speak by the Card, or Equivocation will undo us. *Horatio*, this three Years I have took notice of it, 'the Age is grown so picked,' that the toe of the Peasant comes so near the heel of the Courtier, he galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Gravemaker?

Gravem. Of all the Day's i'th' Year, I came to't that Day our last King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Gravem. Cannot you tell that? every Fool can tell that; it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that is mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. Ay marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Gravem. Why! because he was mad; he shall recover his Wits there, or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Gravem. 'Twill not be seen in him there, there are Men as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Gravem. Very strangely, they say.

Ham.

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Ham. How strangely ?

Gravem. Faith e'en with losing his Wits.

Ham. Upon what ground ?

Gravem. Why here in *Denmark* ; where I have been Sexton, Man and Boy, thirty Years.

Ham. How long will a Man lie i'th' Earth e'er he rot ?

Gravem. Faith if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky Corfes that will scarce hold the laying in, he will last you some eight Years, or nine Years : a Tanner will last you nine Years.

Ham. Why he more than another ?

Gravem. Why, Sir, his Hide is so tann'd with his Trade, that he will keep out Water a great while, and your Water is a fore decayer of your whoreson dead Body : here's a Skull now hath lien you i'th' Earth three and twenty Years.

Ham. Whose was it ?

Gravem. A whoreson mad Fellow's it was ; whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Gravem. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, he pour'd a Flaggon of Rhenish on my head once : this same Skull, Sir, was Sir *Yorick's* Skull, the King's Jester.

Ham. This ?

Gravem. Even that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick* ! I knew him, *Horatio*, a Fellow of infinite Jest, of most excellent Fancy ; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times, ' and now how ' abhor'd in my Imagination it is ? my Gorge rises at it.' Here hung those Lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft ; where be your Jibes now, your Jests, your Songs, your Flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the Table on a roar ? Not one now to mock your own grinning ? quite chopfaln ? Now get you to my Lady's Table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this Complexion she must come ; make her laugh at that.

Prethee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord ?

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* look'd on this fashion i'th' Earth ?

Hor.

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Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

[*Smelling to the Skull.*]

Hor. Even so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base Uses we may return, *Horatio*? Why may not Imagination trace the noble Dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a Bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. As thus, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to Dust, the Dust is Earth, of Earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the Wind away.

O that that Earth, which kept the World in awe,

Should patch a Wall t' expel the Waters Flaw.

Scene Crows, and discovers the King, Queen, Laertes, and Priest, with a Corse.

But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queen, and all the Court: who is this they follow,
And with such maimed Rites? This doth betoken,
The Corse they follow'd did with desperate hand
Destroy its own Life, 'twere of some Estate:
Stand by a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble Youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her Death was doubtful,
And but that great Command o'er-sways the Order,
She should in Ground unsanctify'd be lodg'd;
For charitable Prayers,
Flints and Pebbles should be thrown upon her:
Yet here she is allow'd her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden Strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more:

We should profane the Service of the Dead,

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To sing a *Requiem*, and such Rest to her
As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' Earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted Flesh
May Violets spring : I tell thee, churlish Priest,
A ministring Angel shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What ! the fair *Ophelia* !

Queen. Sweets to the Sweet, farewell.

[*Throws in a Garland of Flowers.*

I hop'd thou should'st have been my *Hamlet's* Wife ;
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet Maid,
And not have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O treble Woe !

Fall ten times double on that cursed Head,
Whose wicked Deeds depriv'd thee of
Thy most ingenuous Sense : hold off the Earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in my Arms.

[*Leaps into the Grave.*

Now pile your Dust upon the Quick and Dead,
Till of this Flat a Mountain you have made
T' o'ertop old *Pelion*, or the skyish Head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose Grief
Bears such an Emphasis, whose Phrase of Sorrow
Conjures the wandering Stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded Hearers ? 'Tis I,

Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaps into the Grave.*

Laer. Perdition catch thee !

[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well :

I prethee take thy Fingers from my Throat,
For tho I am not splenative and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy Wisdom fear——Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hor. Good my Lord, be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this Theme,
Until my Eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen.

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Queen. O my Son! what Theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand Brothers
Could not with all their quantity of Love
Make up my Sum: What wilt thou do for her?

King. O he is mad, *Laertes*.

Queen. Forbear him.

Ham. Shew me what thou wilt do;
Wilt weep, wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt tear thy self,
Wilt drink up *Esil*, eat a Crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And if you prate of Mountains, let them throw
Millions of Acres on us, till our Ground
Singeing his Pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Offa* like a Wart: nay, and thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere Madness,
And thus a-while the Fit will work on him;
Anon as patient as a female Dove,
When first her golden Couplets are disclos'd;
His Silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir,
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
The Cat will mew, a Dog will have his Day.

[*Ex. Ham. and Hor.*

King. I pray thee, good *Horatio*, wait upon him,
Strengthen your Patience in our last Night's Speech,

[*To Laertes.*

We'll put the matter to the present push;
Good *Gertrard*, set some watch over your Son,
This Grave shall have a living Monument:

'An hour of quiet thereby shall we see,

'Till then in Patience our Proceedings be.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, Sir, you shall now see the other;
You do remember all the Circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my Lord?

Ham.

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Ham. Sir, in my Heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep. 'Methought I lay
'Worse than the Mutiners in the Bilboes, rashly,
'And prais'd be Rashness for it : let us know,
'Our Indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
'When our deep Plots do fail : ' and that should learn us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our Ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabbin,
My Sea-gown wrapt about me, in the dark
I grop'd to find them out, had my Desire
Reach'd their Packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own Room again, making so bold
(My Fears forgetting Manners) to unfold
Their grand Commission ; where I found, *Horatio*,
An exact Command,
'Larded with many several sorts of Reasons,
'Importing *Denmark's* Health, and *England's* too,
'With hoe such Bugs and Goblins in my Life ;
'That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
'No not to stay the grinding of an Ax,
That soon as I to *England* came,
My Head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible ?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leisure :
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed ?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with Villains,
E'er I could make a Prologue to my Brains,
They had begun the Play : I sat me down,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair.
'I once did hold it, as our Statists do,
'A Baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
'How to forget that Learning ; but Sir, now
'It did me Yeoman's Service.' Wilt thou know
Th' Effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjururation from the King,
As *England* was his faithful Tributary,

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As Love between them like the Palm might flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
' And stand a *Comma* 'tween their Amities,
' And many such like *As's* of great Charge,
That on the View of these Contents,
Without debatement further more or less,
He should those Bearers put to sudden death,
' Not Shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. ' Why even in that was Heaven ordinaunt :
I had my Father's Signet in my Pocket,
Which was the Model of that *Danish* Seal,
I folded the Writ up in the Form of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gave't th' Impression, plac'd it safely,
' The Changeling never known : ' Now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hor. So *Guildenstern* and *Rosencraus* went to't.

Ham. ' Why Man, they did make love to this Employ-
They are not near my Conscience, their Defeat [ment.
Does by their own Insinuations grow ;
' 'Tis dangerous when the baser Nature comes
' Between the Pass and fell incensed Point
' Of mighty Opposites.

Hor. Why what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, think you, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Stept in between th' Election and my Hopes,
Thrown out his Angle for my proper Life,
And with such Cozenage, is't not perfect Conscience?

Enter Ostrick.

Ost. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark.*

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Do'st know this Water-fly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a Vice to
know him ; he hath much Land and fertile ; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the King's
mess ; 'tis a Chough, but as I said, spacious in the pos-
session of Dirt.

Ost.

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Ost. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, Sir, with all diligence of Spirit : your Bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the Head.

Ost. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No believe me, it is very cold ; the Wind is Northerly.

Ost. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot, or my Complexion——

Ost. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how. My Lord, his Majesty bid me signify unto you, that he has laid a great Wager on your Head ; Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ost. Nay good my Lord, for my ease——Sir, here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, believe me an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent Differences, of very soft Society, and great Shew : indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the very Card or Kalendar of Gentry, for you shall find in him the Substance of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his Definement suffers no loss in you, tho I know to divide him inventorially would perhaps dizzy th' Arithmetick of Memory, ' and yet but raw neither in ' respect of his quick Sail.' But in the Variety of Extolment, I take him to be a Soul of great article, and his Infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true Diction of him, his Semblable is his Mirrour ; and who else would trace him, his Umbrage, and nothing more.

Ost. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The Concernancy, Sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in our rawer Breath?

Ost. Sir.

' *Hor.* Is't not possible to understand in another Tongue? ' you will do't, Sir, really.

Ham. What imports the Nomination of this Gentleman?

Ost. Of *Laertes*?

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Ham. Of him, Sir. ' His Purse is empty already, all
' golden words are spent.

Ost. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did, Sir ; yet if you did, it would
not much approve me——well Sir.

Ost. You are not ignorant of what Excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare
with him in Excellence ; for to know a Man well, were to
know himself.

Ost. I mean Sir, for his Weapon ; ' but in the Impu-
' tation laid on him by them in his meed, he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his Weapon ?

Ost. Single Rapier.

The King, Sir, hath wager'd with him six *Barbary* Horses,
against the which he has impawn'd, as I take it, six *French*
Rapiers and Poniards, with their Assigns, as Girdle, Hanger,
and so——three of the Carriages are very dear to fancy,
very responsive to the Hilt, most delicate Carriages, and
of very liberal Conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages ?

' *Hor.* I knew you must be edified by the Margin, e'er
' you had done.

Ost. The Carriages, Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The Phrase would be more german to the mat-
ter, if we carry'd a Cannon by our sides, ' I would it
' might be Hangers till then.' But on ; six *Barbary* Horses
against six *French* Swords, their Poniards and Assigns, and
three liberal conceited Carriages, that's the *French* Bet a-
gainst the *Danish*, as I take it.

Ost. The King hath laid, Sir, that in a dozen Passes be-
tween your self and him, he shall not exceed you three
Hits ; he hath laid twelve to nine ; and it would come to
immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the
Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no ?

Ost. I mean, my Lord, the Opposition of your Person
in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall, ' if it please
' his Majesty,' it is the breathing time of the day with
me ; let the Foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and
the

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the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can ; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ost. Shall I deliver it so ?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your Nature will.

Ost. I commend my Duty to your Lordship. *[Exit.*

Ham. Yours does well to commend it self, there's no Tongue else fit for its turn.

Hor. This Lap-wing runs away with the Shell on his head.

Ham. ' He did so, Sir, with his Dug before he suck'd ' it.' Thus has he, and many more of the same breed, that I know, ' the drossy Age dotes on,' only got the tune of the Time, a habit of Encounter, a kind of misty Collection, which carries them thro and thro the most profane and renowned Opinions ; and do but blow them to their trial, the Bubbles are out..

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Ostrick*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the Hall : he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time ?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes ; they follow the King's pleasure ; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Gent. The King and Queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Gent. The Queen desires you to use some gentle Entertainment to *Laertes*, before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hor. You will lose, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so ; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice ; I shall win at the odds : thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart ; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery ; but it is such a kind of boding, as would perhaps trouble a Woman.

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Hor. If your Mind dislike any thing, obey it; I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy Augury: 'there is a special Providence in the Fall of a Sparrow; if it be, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all, since no Man of ought he leaves knows what 'tis to leave be- times, let be. [Exeunt.

Scene draws, and discovers King, Queen, Laertes, Gentlemen and Guards. Re-enter Hamlet and Horatio.

King. Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir; I've done you wrong. But pardon't as you are a Gentleman: this Presence knows, And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd With a sore Distraction; what I have done, That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was Madness. 'Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never Hamlet; 'If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, 'And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes, 'Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it: 'Who does it then? his Madness: if't be so, 'Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd, 'His Madness is poor Hamlet's Enemy. Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd Evil, Free me so far in your most generous Thoughts, That I have shot my Arrow o'er the House, And hurt my Brother.

Laer. I am satisfy'd in Nature, Whose Motive in this case should stir me most To my Revenge; 'but in my Terms of Honour 'I stand aloof, and will no Reconcilement, 'Till by some elder Masters of known Honour. 'I have a Voice and Precedent of Peace 'To keep my Name ungor'd: but till that time? I do receive your offer'd Love like Love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this Brother's Wager Frankly play. Give us the Foils.

Laer.

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Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your Foil, *Laertes*, in mine Ignorance ;
Your Skill shall, like a Star, i'th' darkeſt Night appear.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, on my honour.

King. Give them the Foils, young *Oſtrick* : Couſin *Hamlet*, you know the Wager.

Ham. Very well, my Lord :

Your Grace has laid the odds o'th' weaker ſide.

King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both ;
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds,

Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well, theſe Foils have all a length.

Oſtr. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stoops of Wine upon the Table ;
If *Hamlet* give the firſt or ſecond hit,
Or quit in answer of the third Exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire ;
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath,
And in the Cup an Onyx ſhall he throw,
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmark's* Crown have worn. Give me the Cup,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet ſpeak,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heavens to Earth.
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet* : come begin.

[*Trumpets the while.*]

And you the Judges bear a wary Eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

(*Shout.*)

Oſt. A Hit, a very palpable Hit. [*Drums, Trumpets, and*

Laer. Well——again. [*Flouriſh, a Piece goes off.*]

King. Stay, give me the Drink, *Hamlet*, this Pearl is
thine, here's to thy Health : give him the Cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while.
Come——another Hit——what ſay you?

Laer. I do confeſs't.

King.

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King. Our Son shall win.

Queen. 'He's fat and scant of Breath.

Here *Hamlet*, 'take my Handkerchief, wipe thy Brows:
The Queen salutes thy Fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam——

King. Gertrard, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd Cup, it is too late. [*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam; by and by.

'*Queen.* Come let me wipe thy Face.

Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my Conscience. [*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, *Laertes*, you but dally;

I pray you pass with your best violence,

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

Ost. Nothing neither way.

'*Laer.* Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; in scuffling they change Rap-
piers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

'*Ham.* Nay come again.

Ost. Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my Lord?

Ost. How is't, *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodcock caught in mine own Springe,
I am justly kill'd with mine own Treachery. [*Ostrick,*

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed. (*Hamlet,*

Queen. No no, the Drink, the Drink——O my dear

'The Drink, the Drink——I am poison'd. [*She dies.*

Ham. O Villain! ho, let the Door be lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*——thou art slain;
No Medicine in the World can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's Life,
The treacherous Instrument is in this hand,
Unbated and envenom'd, the foul Practice
Hath turn'd it self on me; so here I lie,

Never.

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Never to rise again : thy Mother's poison'd,
I can no more—the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The Point envenom'd too, then Venom to thy
work. [Stabs the King.

All. Treason, Treason !

King. O yet defend me Friends ! I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestuous Dane,
' Drink off this Potion : is the Onyx here ?
Follow my Mother. [King dies.

Laer. ' He's justly serv'd, it is a Poison temper'd by him-
Exchange Forgiveness with me, noble *Hamlet* ; [self.
Mine and my Father's Death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me. [Dies.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee :
' I am dead, *Horatio* ;' wretched Queen, farewell.
You that look pale and tremble at this Chance,
That are but Mutes or Audience to this Act,
Had I but time (as this fell Serjeant Death
Is strict in his Arrest) O I could tell you ;
But let it be : *Horatio*, I am dead ;
Thou liv'st, report me and my Cause aright
To the unsatisfy'd.

Hor. Never believe it.
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a Man,
Give me the Cup ; let go, I'll have't :
O *Horatio*, think what a wounded Name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind me.
If thou didst ever hold me in thy Heart,
Absent thee from Felicity a while,
And in this harsh World draw thy Breath in pain
To tell my story : what warlike Noise is this ?

[A March afar off.

Enter Ostrick.

Ost. Young *Fortinbras* with Conquest come from Poland,
The Ambassadors of England give this warlike Volley.

Ham. O I die, *Horatio*,
The potent Poison quite o'er-grows my Spirit ;
I cannot live to hear the News from England,

But

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But I do prophesy the Election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying Voice,
So tell him, with th' Occurrents more and less
Which have solicited, O——the rest in silence.

[Dies.]

Hor. Now cracks the Cordage of a noble Heart; good
night, sweet Prince,

And Choirs of Angels sing thee to thy Rest.

Why does the Drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras with the Ambassadors.

For. Where is this Sight?

Hor. What is it you would see?

If ought of Woe or Wonder, cease your Search.

For. This Quarry cries on havock: O proud Death,

What Feast is toward in thine infernal Cell,

That thou so many Princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck?

Ambass. The Sight is dismal,

And our Affairs from *England* come too late;

The Ears are senseless that should give us hearing:

To tell him his Commandment is fulfill'd,

That *Rosencraus* and *Guildestern* are dead,

Where should we have our Thanks?

Hor. Not from his Mouth,

Had he th' Ability of Breath to thank you,

He never gave Commandment for their Death.

But since so apt upon this bloody Question,

You from the *Pollack* Wars, and you from *England*

Are here arrived, give order that these Bodies

High on a Stage be plac'd to publick view;

And let me speak to th' yet unknowing World,

How these things came about; so shall you hear

Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural Acts,

Of accidental Judgments, casual Slaughters,

Of Deaths put on by Cunning, and forc'd Cause,

And in this upshot, Purposes mistook,

Fall'n on th' Inventors Heads: all this can I

Truly deliver.

For. Let us haste to hear it,

And call the Nobles to the Audience:

For me, with Sorrow I embrace my Fortune,

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‘ I have some Rights of memory in this Kingdom,
‘ Which now to claim my Interest do invite me.
‘ *Hor.* Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
‘ And from his Mouth whose Voice will draw no mor:
‘ But let this same be presently perform’d,
‘ Even while Mens Minds are wild, lest more mischance
‘ On Plots and Errors happen.

For. ‘ Let four Captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
T’ have prov’d most Royal : and for his Passage,
The Soldier’s Musick, and the Rites of War,
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the Bodies ; such a Sight as this
Becomes the Field, but here shews much amiss.

‘ Go bid the Soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.



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Sir Courtly Nice.
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Abdelazar.
Love for Money.
Love's last Shift, or the Fool in Fashion.
Young King, or the Mistake.
Round-Heads, or the Good Old Cause.
City Heiress.
Conquest of Granada.
City Politicks.
Venice preserved.
Rival Queens.
Villain.
Sir Anthony Love.
Theodosius.
Princess of Cleves.
Anthony and Cleopatra.
Fond Husband.
Mithridates.
Cæsar Borgia.
Woman Captain.
Rival Ladies.
Bury Fair.
Orphan.
Novelty.
Tempest.
Caius Marius.
Chances.
Don Carlos.
Hamlet.
Philaster.
Sacrifice.



JUL 9 1927

